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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY



PET SHOP

By ...
OLGA ROSMANITH

Money alone, however much,
couldn't buy the quaint
little monkey, Ulysses.

THE alarm clock rang, and Mr. Stitch flung back the covers and sprang out of bed. He immediately felt the room whirl round, and he had to sit down quietly while his heart leaped about.

When he was able to, he called his daughter. Thin and middle-aged, looking her worst in a cheap red wrapper, she came running.

"Listen, Vicki, get me the usual. The tea very hot, and nearly half brandy. Then go down and feed the animals."

"Oh, dear, you're ill again. I ought to get the doctor."

"Don't want him till I can pay for him. Besides, I'm not going to last very long. My time's up. What could he do for me?"

"What's he for, father. I wish we had more money. If only we could sell the monkey."

Mr. Stitch shut his eyes and winced. "We aren't in the right place to sell a monkey. Monkeys are luxuries."

The Pet Shop was not one of those smart establishments with pedigree pups and royal cats cowering in the windows in clean straw, making a free show for the passers-by. It was a dingy shop in a dingy street, with cheap stock like white mice and baby rabbits and swarming aquariums. All the same it got plenty of attention. It was near a school and the street was a short cut from an expensive residential suburb to the gardens overlooking the river.

Well-dressed children often went through it with their uniformed nurses. There was excellent activity in the goldfish, miniature tortoise, and white mouse business. Small transactions under two shillings.

Mr. Stitch had lived so long with small animals that he had acquired some of their habits. He liked to be left alone in the dark when he felt ill, and he was up and doing the moment he rallied.

He went downstairs at eleven and released his daughter to go her errands, and do the housework. He felt better, he assured her.

Ulysses, the monkey, gave a cry of joy as soon as he appeared, and rattled madly at his cage, clinging to the wires with his absurd, eager fingers. Mr. Stitch let him out, looked at the thermometer, and decided the shop was warm enough for him to peel off the monkey's knitted sleeping jacket, then went about his routine with the little animal on his shoulder.

At noon two very young men came in. They were giggling together like silly schoolboys, and one said, "Have you got a white mouse?"

Some silly trick, thought Mr. Stitch, for which I do not sell a defenceless live animal. "I have some, as you see," he said, politely, "but all are sold and will go away when the messenger comes to take them."

The other man was staring at the quaint monkey on the old man's shoulder. He nudged his companion. "Is it real, or am I seeing things?"

The first man whooped with joy. "That would be priceless. Name your price. We'll take it."

"The monkey is not for sale," said Mr. Stitch, a little less politely.

"Hey, what kind of a shop is this,

with nothing for sale! Wrap it up and I'll give you two guineas."

They ran their offer up to six pounds and Mr. Stitch was completely worn out by the time he got rid of them. He was sitting at the counter with his head on his arms when Vicki got back from her shopping. The monkey's liquid eyes had all the sorrow of the world in them.

"You ought to go right back to bed, father."

"I'm all right. A little tired. All I need is peace, woman."

She gave an exasperated sigh. "If only we could sell that useless monkey. You need money so badly, and all you do is use it to buy un-saleable stock from stranded sailors. Remember that awful parrot?"

"Peace—peace," begged Mr. Stitch.

It began to rain, so the day was quiet. No processions of clamoring children. Mr. Stitch thought the next attack might be the last. But it did not bother him. He had had a good life and enjoyed almost every minute of it. A great many little brothers of man in fur and feathers had trusted and loved him. His only worry was that Ulysses would fret and he didn't know where to find a home for him.

The nurse and the small boy came in at tea-time. The nurse was almost in a temper, and the boy had eyes like Ulysses. Mr. Stitch liked the look of the boy. He said: "Well, my little man, what can I do for you?"

The nurse answered. "It's his birthday. He has more toys than you can shake a stick at, but he won't look at them. He says he wants something alive to play with."

"He's got sense. Toys won't come when you call. What about a white mouse? Or maybe a tabby kitten?"

But the boy was watching Ulysses snuggled so contentedly on the old man's shoulder. "No. I want the monkey."

"He's very nice," said the nurse, "but monkeys are expensive. You've only got one pound."

The boy said obstinately. "I won't have anything but the monkey."

Mr. Stitch smiled genially, and when his face was creased up he looked like Ulysses' father. "What's your name? How old are you?"

"Tony. And I'm seven to-day. What's the monkey's name?"

"Ulysses."

"That's a funny name," said the little boy.

"He's named after a man who was also a great wanderer, and travelled far from home."

"He won't travel any more. Can we take him now?"

Mr. Stitch knew Ulysses. He would save further argument. He took the monkey from his shoulder and held him out to the boy. "You can't have him, but you may hold him, Tony."

Mr. Stitch was astounded. Tony took the monkey in gentle but firm hands, exactly the way he should be held, and in a moment soothed him.



"I wish I could have him," said the child. "Then I wouldn't be lonely."

The quaint, nervous creature was actually quiet in the hands of a stranger. Ulysses gave Mr. Stitch but one anxious glance, and then looked up at the boy with confident wonder. His arms were clasped around Tony's neck. He lifted Tony's cap off, inspected it thoughtfully, then held it firmly clutched in his paw.

"I wish I could have him," said the child. "Then I wouldn't be lonely."

Ulysses hopped on to Tony's shoulder, looked in his ear, and began to examine his thick fair hair. He tried to pull out a bright little tuft that he liked.

"Tony," said Mr. Stitch, marveling, "this isn't the first time you've held a monkey?"

"Yes it is. But when we lived in the country I had a little dog, and when we were alone he used to talk to me."

"That's a great big fib," said the nurse. "Do you want to grow up a person that every one knows is a fibber?"

Another like Vicki, thought Mr. Stitch. He said, "That's no fib, young woman. Ulysses talks to me when I'm alone with him, and if you would creep into the shop in the dead of night you would hear them all talking."

The nurse's eyes had Vicki's might-as-well-humor-him look in them, but the boy's eyes grew wide with happiness. "Would Ulysses talk to me if I were alone with him?"

"Yes, if you kept him warm and fed him right, and never let the other children handle him." Mr. Stitch came round the corner of the counter and took one of Ulysses' quaint, human-looking paws. "You see how small he is. Yet he can feel just like you. And how frail he is. Just like a piece of mother's best china. He gets hungry, and he gets cold, and if you neglect him he feels lonely. It's a great responsibility taking care of such an animal."

"I'll say this for Tony," said the nurse. "He's just the one to do it. Never saw a child so gentle with a living thing. Let's look at the kittens. We haven't the money for the monkey."

Ulysses had had a busy day leaping round the top shelves, peering into the boxes, trying to catch the points of light on the goldfish globes and balancing on the old man's shoulder. Tony had tender hands, and a clean warm smell. He was burrowing into the boy's neck ready to sleep. Mr. Stitch felt a pang. All the same he thought, I haven't much longer. I can't take him with me.

He said briskly, "How do you know, madam? I haven't mentioned money."

Then he felt so queer that he got Ulysses' favorite dish and three sweaters and found a box for them. He wrote out instructions for the monkey's food and care in his old

trembling hand. "And the cage, too," he said. "He had better have the cage he knows, and he won't feel strange at nights." He gave the nurse a severe look to stop a protest. "It's all included."

The woman and the radiant child and the bulky parcel containing Ulysses in his cage went off in a taxi.

Mr. Stitch locked up the shop, covered the canaries, turned out the lights and went very slowly upstairs to the bright warm living-room.

Vicki said, "I've got some nice hot scones for your tea. You're early, father."

"Yes. I've locked up. It's wet and likely nothing doing. Besides, I've sold the monkey."

The thin faded woman went red with surprise. "You have! And me suspecting you wouldn't sell it because you'd got crazy about it, giving it a name and everything. I hope you got a lot of money."

"All I could get, Vicki. Just one pound."

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A GIRL IN EVERY PORT

By GRACE NIES
FLETCHER

IF MRS. APPLGATE hadn't had to meet her husband on the 6.03 from Boston, Ikey might have gone on being merely that redheaded Meadows girl. She might never have seen Simon swinging off the train with his kit bag and looking round in the way that strangers do. He and Ikey stared at each other and could not look away.

At last he spoke, diffidently. "Would you mind telling me . . . I mean, is it a fair distance to Oldtown? Would I have to take a bus?"

His voice was rich like thick cream. "He's English!" Ikey thrilled. But before she could answer, Mr. Applegate came bustling up to them, beaming. Being a minister, his business was being friendly.

"I expect you're going up to the British Rest Camp," Mr. Applegate boomed at the sailor. "There isn't any bus, and it's twelve miles, but we're going right near there. Why don't you ride along with us," he offered.

"That's very kind of you, sir," the sailor said.

Mrs. Applegate was blowing the horn for them vigorously, and she didn't look a bit surprised when she saw her husband bringing back a sailor. Besides, she knew her husband was always especially glad to befriend the English. Mr. Applegate felt that because he had once had tea with the headmaster of Christ's School in Horsham, he was an authority on what the English think and feel. He used this as a jumping-off place for pronouncements on the international situation, in his sermons. "When I had tea with the headmaster of one of England's largest public—of course that means private—schools . . ." he used to say practically once a month in the pulpit. He said it now as they all bundled into the ancient car, and a gleam came into the sailor's brown eyes.

"I was a Blue Coat boy myself, six months ago, sir!" the English boy said. "I was at Thornton. My name's Simon Hall. When were you there, sir?"

Mr. Applegate slurred over that one; he didn't like to remember it was ten years ago this May.

"Well, well," he beamed, delighted. "Meet my wife, Mrs. Applegate," he introduced Simon. "And I'm the Reverend Applegate. And this pretty girl here is our Ikey. You must come home and have supper with us and then we'll drive you to the camp," he urged Simon. "Well, well."

SIMON looked inquiringly at Ikey and she flushed under her delicate, freckled skin. "I'd like to," he said. "Rather." Ikey thought, "It's like a dream, sitting here beside an English sailor who says 'Rather' and who's coming home to supper!" All her grown-up life—she was nineteen—she'd been planning to go to England, but she'd never really expected to get there. But now here was England, coming right to her!

She and Mrs. Applegate, as soon as they reached home, prepared supper, and all the time she could feel the English boy's eyes following her. But even when they sat down to the table they didn't have a chance to speak, because Mr. Applegate was telling Mrs. Applegate for the thousandth time how the boys at the Blue Coat School still dressed as they did in 1543.

"When the war came on," Simon said, "the school governors wanted to ditch the old costume and go into civvies. But the old boys kicked up such a fuss about it, they decided to leave it alone! My pater's on the board—he's a major, y'know—and he said the old boys protested that with so many of them scattered about the globe, like, in the Army and Navy, they'd like to remember things at home as they were."

"Of course!" Ikey burst out. Steadying to remember, while you were doing whatever had put that sick look into Simon's eyes, that somewhere in England little boys were still going peacefully to school in blue coats.

"I say, Miss Applegate, were you in England too?" Simon asked.

"No. And I'm not Miss Applegate," Ikey blushed, and, as usual, Mr. Applegate finished for her.

"Ikey is one of our dear girls who fashion the bread of life for us," he said, his voice patting Ikey on the head. But he didn't mean it that way; he was just trying to say in a nice way that Ikey did the cooking. "Miss Ikey Meadows, Mr. Simon Hall," he introduced them formally at last.



"How'd you do?"

Simon murmured, puzzled.

Ikey knew what he was thinking.

In the books from the public library where you'd read about England, the hired girl didn't sit down with the folks.

She was still washing dishes when she heard them getting ready to take Simon to the camp. He came out to the kitchen. "Well, good-bye, Miss—er—Meadows. That apple tart was—er—superlative," he said.

"Good-bye, Mr.—er—Hall," she said. "You mean the pie?"

They both laughed then and everything was all right. He would be the ideal partner if the Applegates took her to the dance the Legion was putting on at the cafe to-morrow night.

The Applegates did go to the dance, and the camp was alive with English sailors, resting after months at sea, while their ships were in the dry dock.

She danced frequently with Simon, and in an interval they moved out to a seat in the garden.

"It's nice and quiet here, isn't it?" Ikey said happily.

"Too still," Simon confessed. "It gets you down, rather. I'm in a gun turret, y'know, and we had a bit of a row with the Jerries, coming over." He stopped abruptly as if he'd said too much. It's so still after the guns, Ikey thought. Poor kid, maybe if she talked about something else he'd forget about the guns. So she told him how she was English way back, too, and how she was working at the Applegates' to get money to visit the land of her forebears. If

"Wherever you are, Sylvia Meadows, it will always be spring," Simon said unsteadily.

he laughed. But he didn't, not even when she told him she had read so much about it she felt sometimes as if she'd seen England, too.

"Maybe people who see England with their minds, see clearer than people who spend three weeks there! I don't mean to be unkind, but—"

They both laughed then, not at Mr. Applegate and his delicious, childish joy at having tea with the headmaster, but because the moon was shining, and their arms were touching. He bent over her, and then drew back when some woman coming down the path laughed harshly, and when she came nearer Ikey saw it was Mrs. Irma Schultz with another sailor, and he had his arm around her. Just looking at them made you feel cheap.

"Let's go back," Ikey said.

Mrs. Irma Schultz had been living at the Inn all winter, and folks said it was rather funny, no Mr. Schultz ever turning up and her having money to stay on and on and to go to all the town doings.

"Sylvia Ikey Meadows, is that you?" Mrs. Applegate called breathlessly from the lighted doorway of the dance hut as they came up. "Come inside, you two. Simon, can you start them doing that awful bump-sa-daisy thing everybody likes?"

He and Ikey swung into that crazy, joyous dance, and Simon's eyes, twinkling down at Ikey, looked a thousand years younger than yesterday.

She said impulsively, "Why don't you walk over home with me to-morrow? I have Thursday afternoons off."

Did she imagine his faint hesitation? "Very kind of you," he said formally. "What time?"

"About two." Did he have to freeze up that way? Ikey wondered. Did he think she was forward? She wished uneasily she hadn't asked him to go.

But the afternoon started off fine, with the sky a bright blue as they walked along. "Pa's land goes down a mile to the village," Ikey told Simon as they stood on top of the hill under an apple tree.

Simon looked surprised, as if he hadn't realised a hired girl's father could own so much land, but all he said was, "Why did Mrs. Applegate call you Sylvia last night? It suits you." He sang lightly, teasing.

"Who is Sylvia? What is she, That all our swains commend her?"

Holy, fair, and wise is she . . . "She sounds like an awful drip," interrupted Ikey, dimpling. "It's my first name, only it's ma's name, too, so they call me Ikey."

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Girl in Every Port

Continued from page 3

SHE was so terribly young, standing there under the apple tree.

Simon said unsteadily, "Wherever you are, Sylvia Meadows, it will always be spring."

He kissed her then, and up in the sky a song sparrow was pouring his heart out, singing.

Simon told her about himself; about how, after Dunkirk, he couldn't wait to finish school, he had to get into the Navy and go after the Jerries. Well, he had. His ship had been torpedoed under him twice already, and once he'd been in a lifeboat for a week before they were picked up. Two of the older men had died of thirst and cold and one chap had had gangrene in his injured legs.

"But Jimmy, that's our first lieutenant!"—he pronounced it lieutenant—"says I'm in line for a commission as soon as I'm twenty-one." Simon told Icky proudly. "Next September. If I'm still with the Goodspeed."

He frowned, and Icky assured him, "Don't worry, you didn't tell me the name. Mrs. Irma Schultz told us this morning at the post office. And she said you were only going to be at the camp two weeks."

"A fortnight likely," Simon agreed. Their eyes clung together desperately, realising that with the time so short they ought to be saying something important, but there weren't any words, just this lovely right feeling at being together.

They met every day after that, either Simon coming to the Applegates' for her during the two hours Icky had off every afternoon or her meeting him halfway to the camp. Mrs. Applegate let Icky get the family's supper on the table and

then go, if she wanted; but not without listening to a little free advice.

"Simon's a nice boy, but he's a sailor and—well, you will be careful!" Mrs. Applegate worried.

Careful? With Simon? Icky wanted to laugh, but instead she said, "Yes, Mrs. Applegate."

So far Simon hadn't even mentioned after the war or anything serious. Why should he? Why couldn't folks mind their own business? But almost the very next day someone else said the same warning to Icky, but in different words. She was coming home when someone fell in step beside her, and when Icky looked up it was Mrs. Irma Schultz.

Mrs. Schultz measured her with pale blue eyes. "Your boy friend will be going back to the ship soon like mine, I guess." She laughed. "Well, we must expect sailors to have a girl in every port! Did your friend happen to say when the Goodspeed was moving out?"

"I don't think he knows. He's going back to Boston next Tuesday."

The days jerked by in uneven spurts, long when they were apart and short when they were together, and all at once it was the Sunday night before Simon was to leave.

They were sitting listening to a whippoorwill singing its lonesome song, when Simon's arm tightened convulsively around Icky and she thought, Now!

But instead he began to sing his own words to the old song, resting his cheek on her soft hair: "Who is Sylvia? What is she? She belongs to me!"

Was that a proposal or wasn't it? Icky wondered desperately. If only he'd say one little thing to pin to.

"Let's go to Whalom Park tomorrow night," Icky said suddenly. "The Applegates will let us borrow the car if we pay for the gas."

"All right," Simon said. "If that's what you want."

The noise and lights and confusion wouldn't give you time to think, to remember it was your last night, Icky thought.

Whalom Park was ablaze with lights and with sailors and their girls having fun.

"Having a good time?" Simon asked her.

"Well," Icky assured him. She looked out over the crowd so he wouldn't know she was lying, and saw Mrs. Irma Schultz and her sailor friend weaving dizzily out of the dance hall with their arms around each other; only when Mrs. Schultz looked up at Icky and waved, she saw that the sailor might be three sheets in the wind, but Mrs. Schultz knew what she was doing all right.

"Let's go home," Icky said abruptly. Simon drove home so fast that they reached the house almost before Icky could think.

"Darling!" Simon jammed on the brakes and his arms went round her. He murmured, "What am I going to do without you, Sylvia Meadows?"

She whispered, "Don't go."

"I asked for extended leave," Simon rushed on, "but Jimmy wouldn't give it to me. It must mean—it's buzzing around the camp that the Goodspeed's moving out late to-morrow night. Sylvia!" His voice was a sort of groan as he pushed her from him, almost roughly, and then suddenly, unbelievably, the car door slammed and he was running up the path toward the camp.

Icky sat there alone for a long time, and then slowly, as if her legs were stiff, got out of the car and went upstairs to her room and lay across the bed. Simon was gone. And he hadn't said a word about waiting for him, about coming back.

Icky didn't go down to the camp next morning to see the bus with the English boys pull out, as so many of the girls in town did; she couldn't, even if Mrs. Applegate did think it was funny.

"Why don't you go over and get the mail, Icky?" Mrs. Applegate said finally.

"All right," Icky said dully.

Everyone being at the camp nearly, the post office was empty except for the postmaster and a new poster with a picture of a ship going down on it. That's what made Icky notice it, the picture of the destroyer; and in front of it two women were talking, and over their heads were big, glaring red words: LOOSE TONGUES LOSE LIVES.

"True enough, ain't it?" the postmaster asked Icky.

"Uh-huh. I guess so," Icky said. Everywhere you went, reminders of Simon. She was going blindly by the Inn verandah on her way back

when Mrs. Irma Schultz's voice called out to her, "Come up and sit a while, can't you? I see you don't like saying good-bye with an audience either." She pushed a chair over toward Icky and grinned.

"Kind of tight-mouthed, the English, even when they're plastered," Mrs. Irma Schultz commented. "Your boy friend say when they were leaving Boston?"

"To-night, probably," Icky murmured. The clock on the church tower across the common struck eleven and she looked down with a start at Mr. Applegate's mail in her hand. "I have to go now."

"No hurry," Mrs. Schultz said. But Icky noticed, when she happened to look back at the Inn verandah before she went into the Applegates' door, that Mrs. Irma Schultz had left the Inn and was strolling in at the door of the telephone office. Why didn't she use the phone at the Inn? Icky wondered idly. Not that it mattered. Nothing mattered at all now.

After the supper dishes were done, she went up to bed at once; she was so achingly worn out maybe she could sleep.

She got into bed just as the dusk was fading into darkness outside her window, and then a whippoorwill had to tune up. "Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!" just like last Sunday night, Icky ducked her head under the clothes to shut out the lonesome sound, but when she emerged, the bird was still yelling. Goodness, he was more persistent than Mrs. Irma Schultz. Why did she keep after you the way she did?

And all at once Icky sat up in bed and gasped, "Simon! I shouldn't have told!"

For she knew now why Mrs. Irma Schultz had gone into the telephone office. She could send a telegram from there without anyone hearing her at the Inn. LOOSE TONGUES LOSE LIVES. And she'd told her herself that the Goodspeed was sailing to-night. . . . Oh, Simon!

Icky got up and started dressing. The pieces all fitted together, once she'd noticed; Mrs. Irma Schultz always sitting there, watching on the verandah; pumping her; only pretending to get drunk with the sailor. She had to get word to Simon, now, at once. But how? Could you telephone a ship? No, the only safe thing was to go find Simon. Hurry. If the ship should happen to go out early—

She'd been to Boston only once before, but there must be a train there from Ayer to-night. There had to be. But there wasn't a bus to the Ayer station and you wouldn't dare ask the Applegates to drive you there for fear they wouldn't let you go—you'd have to hitchhike.

ONCE away from the house, Icky began to run. A truck was just starting up in front of the drug-store on Main Street, and Icky hailed it frantically.

"Wait, please! Are you going to Ayer?"

"Sure," the driver grinned. "Climb up, girlie. Kind of late, ain't it, for little girls to go walking? Got a date with a soldier?"

Icky moistened her dry lips. "No, I want to get a train at Ayer."

"Oh, yeah?" Obviously he didn't believe her.

She turned and faced him, her desperate eyes blazing. "You don't understand!" she told him. "I—w got to get to a ship in Boston because I told a spy when it was sailing!"

So then she told him, her words tumbling over one another, and at first he thought she was kidding, but when she got to the part about Loose Tongues Lose Lives and Mrs. Irma Schultz asking her twice about the Goodspeed, the driver whistled and said gravely, "Maybe you're right, sister!" The engine began to roar and he drove her right up to the station.

Icky began to run to get a ticket before the train went out and bumped bang into a man coming fast in the opposite direction, and Simon's voice asked miraculously, "By Jove, Sylvia! What are you doing here?"

She put up her hand to touch him and he was real, so she began to cry.

"Oh, Simon!" Icky sobbed out her story and Simon looked grave, but he soothed her that it was his fault entirely for telling her about the Goodspeed's going in the first place, and he said not to worry because she wasn't sailing to-night anyway, or he wouldn't be here. And he'd report Mrs. Irma Schultz to Jimmy and he'd take care of her, all right.

"You didn't ask me why I came back," he told her. "I got special leave. I told Jimmy that I'd left something valuable in Oldtown. It was you."

Icky stared up at him, speechless, and he went on tensely, "That chap with me in the lifeboat—he had to have both legs cut off. I told myself it wasn't fair to offer a girl like you someone who might come back—well, half a man! But after I went aboard, lying there in my hammock, I got to thinking, and I had to be sure. Will you marry me when I come back, Sylvia Meadows?"

Was there ever anyone like her Simon, rushing off into the night, loving her, wanting her? Icky said proudly, "I'll marry you at any time, Simon."

He was young and shy and English, but he kissed her then, and they didn't care who saw them.

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Distinguished British Beauty

The Lovely Lady Doverdale is the wife of the third Baron Doverdale. Terrifically busy nowadays with her war work, she says—"I simply haven't time for elaborate beauty treatments. Pond's two Creams fulfil all my skin's needs. They keep it beautifully soft and smooth. Remember! Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing, and Pond's Vanishing Cream as the perfect powder base."



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Pond's Vanishing Cream—a much-loved powder base. Apply lightly before make-up. It's non-greasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness—and helps protect against wind and weather, too!



MARRIED WOMEN

WHY THEY LOSE THEIR LOOKS

The strain of housework, looking after children, making ends meet, robs married women of energy, vitality and looks. If you are feeling nervy, run-down, irritable and restless—if you suffer from headaches, joint and back pains—if you lack energy and pep, try Bidomak for a while. This scientific mineral tonic puts roses in your cheeks, a spring in your step and a sparkle in your eye. Benefit guaranteed in 7 days or money back. 3/- everywhere.

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THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

This diagnosis applies to you if you are subject to Rheumatism — Backache

Muscular Pains

High Blood Pressure

Doctor (Examining Patient): "This pain in your back. Just what do you feel?"

Patient: "Sometimes it's a steady ache; other times a series of stabbing pains a little on one side."

Doctor: "You say your shoulders ache, also your arms and legs?"

Patient: "Yes, I've had that for a long time."

Doctor: "Do you find it an effort to get up after stooping?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. My legs get cramped and stiff when I stoop or bend for any time."

Doctor: "Do you find your joints creak when bending or walking up steps?"

Patient: "Yes, it feels as if the bones in my ankles are grinding together."

Doctor: "When you wake up in the morning, are your eyes puffed and puffy?"

Patient: "Yes, Doctor. I've noticed that it is getting more pronounced, too."

Doctor: "You don't want to become a chronic invalid, crippled with rheumatism—useless to yourself and a nuisance to everyone else. You have been neglecting your health for some time, and now your kidneys are not doing their work of filtering out the poisons from your blood."

Patient: "I suppose that accounts for the pain and stiffness in my limbs and shoulders?"

Doctor: "Partly. It also accounts for the pains you get in the back."

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, High Blood Pressure, Flashes to Neck and Face, Backache, or Bladder troubles, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your Chemist or Store. A pure herbal treatment, Menthoids can only do you good and can be taken safely by even the most delicate patient.

Get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your nearest Chemist or Store. Large flasks are 6/6, small flasks 3/6—and each contains a valuable FREE Diet Chart.



M49A

MYSTERY STALKS THE ROOF

New complications arise with the revelation of a startling secret.

ANNE McNEILL is awakened by a strange sliding sound her first night at DR. BURCH'S convalescent home, where she is staying with her brother, BUD HOLT. She finds ALEX WALSHIED dead in a tulip bed, with attractive JILL MURRAY beside him.

Hinting at mysterious complications, Jill hysterically begs Anne to send for her husband, DR. JEFFREY McNEILL, well known as an amateur detective, but she later pretends to SERGEANT O'CONNOR that she doesn't know of Walshied's death, and when Jeffrey arrives she at first will say nothing to him.

Then she admits that tension had been rife in the home because Walshied was planning to establish a rival home nearby, and had made love both to MRS. MURRAY and to MRS. VINSON, a jealous neurotic, who is already declaring that Jill pushed Walshied off the roof because of his attentions to her mother.

With Jill and RUFUS KEYES, Dr. Burch's nephew, who is in love with Jill, Anne, Jeffrey and Bud find that a Tyrolean cape is caught on the roof near the place where Walshied fell. Keyes says that Dr. Burch had several of these, while POLLY SMITH, a pretty young nurse, had been wearing a similar one that night. Just then Anne realises that she has caught a bad cold.

Now read on:

MY cold, it turned out, was more akin to influenza, and for four days I lay in bed in a feverish mist, listening to sounds in the house, and occasionally drinking fruit juice that the nice nurse, Polly Smith, brought me. Jeffrey couldn't be with me at all, owing to urgent calls from various patients.

Bud kept drifting in and out of my room in different degrees of excitement, reporting progress on the case. Doctor Burch, he said, was exerting all his powers of persuasion to convince the police that Alex Walshied had committed suicide, that he had always been a moody and melancholy man of impulsive tendencies.

Three men came in and asked me questions the first morning: O'Connor, Doctor Otis, the medical examiner; and Mr. Vollberg, the district attorney. Doctor Burch came as well, and looked nervous and exhausted. He sat on the foot of my bed.

They asked me about what I had heard, and why I had got up, and when I went downstairs, and what time it happened. I told them as honestly and clearly as I could, although I felt a little irrational from the fever.

All the time that we were talking I kept thinking: "I ought to confess about my finding Jill with the body. It's my duty. It's outrageous of her to put it up to me to protect her like this." And then the horrid thought occurred to me that I didn't know whether or not she had told the men herself that she had been out by the tulip bed before I got there.

If she had told them and I didn't, I should be caught in a serious suppression of evidence. And if I told them and she had not, I should be letting her in for serious consequences.

Then one of them said to me: "Just exactly what was it you found when you went out-of-doors, Mrs. McNeill?"

I answered: "When I went out and around the house to the tulip

bed I was awfully surprised to find—

"Yes?"

"To find, nobody. Absolutely nobody."

"Nobody? But why were you surprised to find nobody?"

"I don't know, really. I didn't, anyway." I didn't feel as if I were lying. I felt too feverish. Truth and falsehood seemed all run together and blended.

Doctor Burch said, "I think Mrs. McNeill should be allowed to rest now," and the three others stood up.

The district attorney said, "Have you any idea at all, Mrs. McNeill, whether or not anyone else was up on the roof with Mr. Walshied?"

I remember that my whole desire then was to get these men out of my room so that I could slide down flat in bed. I said almost mechanically: "No, I don't know at all. I don't think anyone was. I think he went up there and decided to commit suicide and simply let himself slip off." Doctor Burch says that he was a man very much given to melancholia.

I was gratified that Doctor Burch looked so relieved and patted my hand so affectionately.

During the next few days while I was in bed I did a great deal of thinking about Alex Walshied and his relationships with the different people in the house. I did not believe that he had committed suicide or had fallen off the roof accidentally. And I felt, moreover, that his death had not cleared the emotional atmosphere, that there was still an abnormal tension among the people about me.

From Polly Smith I gathered that Mrs. Vinson and old Mr. Fargo were impossibly difficult and disagreeable. Several times when she was in my room she heard the call-bell ringing and ringing in her room, which was across the hall, nearer to the front of the house.

Towards the end of my second morning in bed I heard people coming up the stairs, then someone knocking at my door.

"Come in," I said, and Jill Murray appeared, bearing a low yellow pot of blue and white pansies.

She said, "Mother thought you might like these," and I told her, hoarsely, that I did indeed, and would she please put them on the bureau.

"May Rufus look in and see you, too?" she asked.

I said that he might, certainly, that I should be delighted. Although that was some exaggeration because I was feeling limp.

They stood in the doorway and looked at me, and I liked them and wished that they would marry and come and live near us.

Rufus said: "Mrs. McNeill, you know this State pretty well. Do you happen to know any town about forty minutes or an hour's run from New York where we could buy a farm and go in for horses?"

"We?" I asked.

"Yes, Jill and I. We're going to be married." He looked at her as if defying her to object to his announcing it.

I said quickly: "Why, how perfectly delightful! I'm most awfully glad, and I wish you all sorts of happiness."

The girl said: "Thank you, but nobody is supposed to know it at all. Rufus you shouldn't have mentioned it, really."

"Why not? It's settled and decided. Nothing is going to interfere now." He put his hand on her



"Nobody here ever considers me," Mrs. Vinson called back crossly, picking her way between the trunks.

shoulder. I thought that he had emphasised unduly that "now." What, I wondered, had interfered before? "We're going to be married without any delay, too," he was saying.

"Not quite yet," Jill protested. "It wouldn't be fair to mother, Rufus. She isn't in any condition to stand it yet."

He said, "If you don't take your happiness when you can get it in these days, my good girl, you'll miss the last bus for it, I assure you."

She said quietly, "We won't miss it now, Rufus." And again there was the slightest possible underlining of the "now."

I had no reason to jump so to conclusions, but I connected that underlining of the word with Alex Walshied's death.

"How about that farm?" Rufus asked.

"Oh, yes; I'm sorry," I said. "Per-

haps you could find something nearer the Hudson River."

He said, "I've always been keen to have horses."

"Come on," Jill was saying, "we must go into the trunk room, Rufus."

She explained that she had to look out some clothes for Bobbie, the little English boy who was with her and Mrs. Murray, and they went into the trunk room, whose door was at the end of the hall just beyond mine.

That room figured largely in my life during the next few days. It was a long attic where everybody in the house kept his superfluous luggage, and where Doctor Burch had boxes of old books, stacks of magazines, and medical and household supplies.

I suppose because there were several days of rain and people were at a loose end they put their clothes

in order and got things out of their trunks and put them back again. I know it seemed to me that that door into the trunk room was constantly opening and closing, and that every patient in the house was going in and out past my door, which I left partly open to get better ventilation.

Mrs. Murray came up once, passed my room into the attic, stayed there some ten minutes or so, came out again, and stopped at my open doorway. She had a pair of short grey flannel trousers which, she explained, Bobbie had brought over from London: eight pairs of them of varying sizes. He had worn a hole in the current ones.

She was a sweet woman, tired-looking, a little lacking in force, and very sad, I thought. But she was appealing. There was an attractive elegance about her.

She stood in my doorway and talked about gardens and planting, about her own house that was rented now, and how she longed to get back to it. She was the president of the local garden club, and they had done so much for the community, planting roses on the banks along the roadside, stimulating the school-children to plant flower borders.

As she talked I thought, "No garden club president could ever murder anyone." Besides which she would never bring herself to wear so uncouth a garment as the Tyrolean cape, even to go on a roof at two o'clock in the morning.

I had one or two other rather significant conversations while my cold was in progress. Old Mr. Fargo stopped one afternoon, carrying a large brown blanket over his arm.

He poked his unkempt head in at my door without even knocking and remarked: "If your husband is investigating the death of Alex Walshied, you might tell him that Murray girl had reason and plenty to wish him out of the way." Then, clearing his throat and with a shuffling of his feet, he went on downstairs.

It was shortly after that that Doctor Burch came in to inquire after me. He seemed tired and old.

"I get very much discouraged, Anne," he said, surprisingly, after eliciting details of my various remaining symptoms. "I don't see how I can ever carry on without Alex. He meant so very much to me—so very, very much."

I thought he sounded insincere, and then I blamed myself for my continual suspicions.

He was saying: "Sometimes I really find myself in an alarmingly unreasonable state about my patients. Their personalities seem to overwhelm me—to drown me—their sick and abnormal personalities. Sometimes I feel that I have to fight my way up to the surface for very existence—to breathe."

All I could think of to say was: "I should think you would feel that way often, Doctor Burch. I should think that every once in a while you would be obliged to go away for a rest."

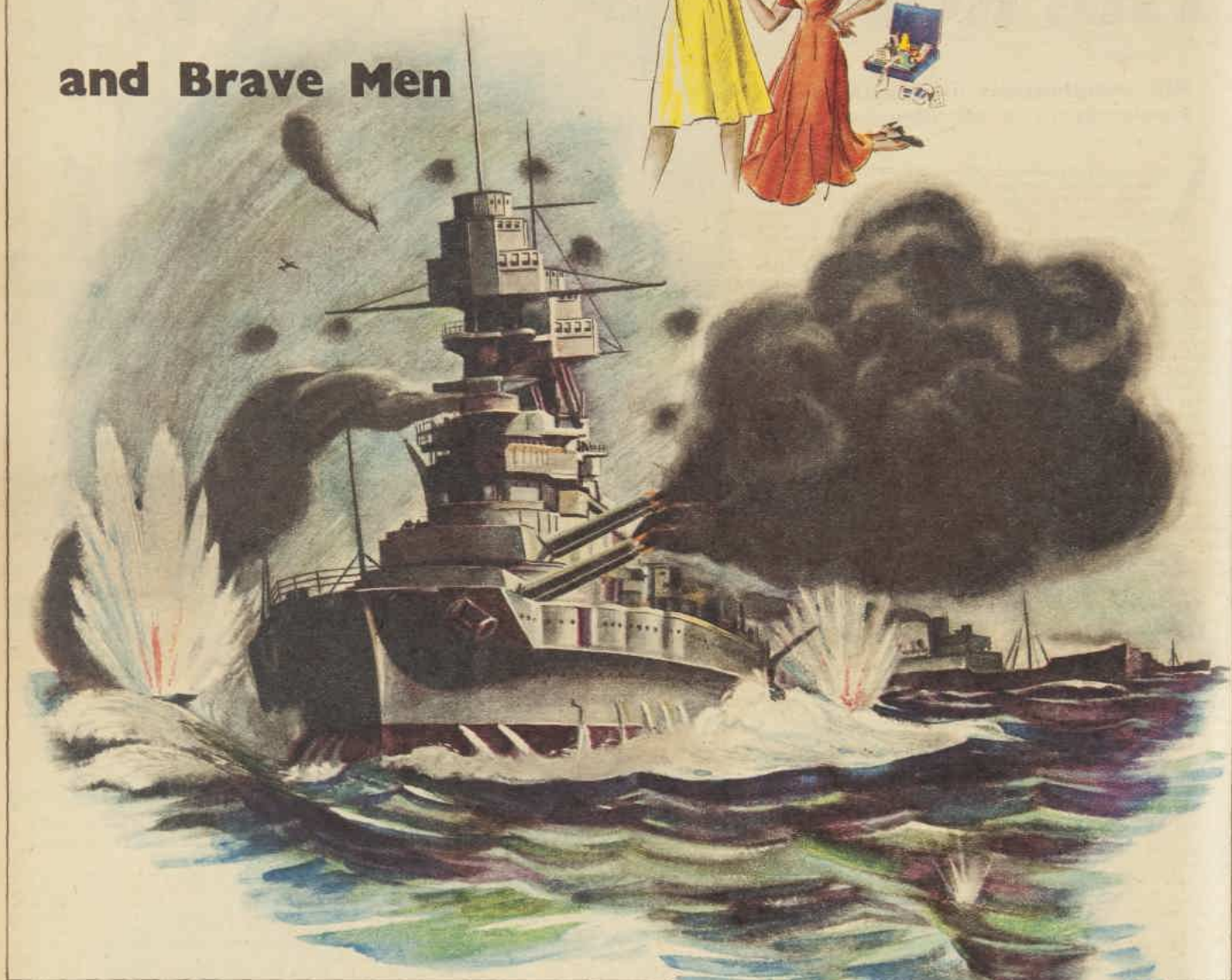
"Rest!" he exclaimed with annoyance. "I can't rest. How in the world can I rest with all I am carrying, when people are trying to cut the ground out from under my feet—right here in my own house?"

"What do you mean, Doctor Burch?" I asked.

Please turn to page 14

By THEODORA DU BOIS

Your Dress . . . and Brave Men



The material for your new dress this Summer was woven in England while bombs were still falling thick and fast.

The men and women of England stood beside their machines because they knew that we in Australia were going without butter, beef and many other essential foods for their sake. In return they continued to produce those *essential* clothing materials which we had always depended upon England to supply.

Many factories were hit during working hours . . . but Britain continued to deliver the goods.

Even though there are not so many bombs falling on England these nights, your dress still has to pass through many dangers before it reaches you.

Axis subs. haven't lost all their punch yet . . . and more than one brave little ship ploughing through the seas with clothing for Australia will never reach these shores.

Some supplies of Hoyle's Super Merriespun have got through

Although the rayons which have arrived from England are lovelier than they have ever been before . . . and the standard for spun rayon has never been so high as it is to-day . . . please buy only the dress you need.

It goes without saying that these rayons are long-wearing because every fabric in England to-day has to justify its manufacture.

Hoyle's Super Merriespun is the delustrated rayon that was such a sensation when it arrived here just after the war started, because Hoyle's Super Merriespun was the first spun rayon to stay smooth . . . it's guaranteed to remain beautifully smooth even after long and constant washing. It never develops that woolly, "hairy" surface that has been taken for granted in the past.

As a result it is much cooler to wear

But these days the most important thing to remember when you buy your one and only Summer frock is that Hoyle's Super Merriespun is guaranteed fast, guaranteed crease-resisting and guaranteed washable . . . and it has twice the weight and is closer woven than ever before.

Hoyle's SUPER

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CREASE-RESISTING





"Even if I don't get through, will you marry me, Lela Ruth?" Danny asked.

WHEN Danny Hoag failed as a pilot cadet, the change in him was from gold to brass. He had been an earnest student; and, physically, a perfect specimen. But the Army had dismissed him as pilot material.

What he had a talent for, they said, was the gentle art of bombing. He transferred to Baffine Field, and there was a new hardness about him, a new recklessness.

He set out to put his mark on Baffine Field, and the town of Murphy, Texas, which it adjoined—the mark of the playboy, the wise guy. "I'll show them," he thought, fiercely. Though what he would show whom he never asked himself.

In the twenty-two years of his life he had never been scared before. Now he was terrified, he was scared that he would fail again.

Lieutenant Harquer, his instructor, spotted Danny Hoag as a good potential bombardier. The boy had a bombardier's hands, quick, easy-jointed, yet he was falling constantly to hit the target.

It was the intention of Lieutenant Harquer this cloudless blue afternoon to find out why. To Cadets Weatherly, Bobbins, and Hoag he had announced, "I'm going upstairs with you boys," and, eyeing them, had seen unease take two of the faces and defiance the third.

Ordinarily they would be travelling without an instructor, scoring one another. The fact that Lieutenant Harquer was coming along indicated that one of them was in for a check ride.

But which one? Weatherly, from Georgia? Or Bobby Bobbins? Or Hoag? I'm the one, Danny thought, and his stomach sickened. It's me! The Flying Boxcar circled up and out, en route to the target.

By the time Lieutenant Harquer came into the greenhouse, Danny had his face ready, eyes narrowed, and lips derisive.

"Okay, Mister Hoag," Lieutenant Harquer said. "I'd like to see you drop a few."

Bobby crawled out, the instructor took his place beside Danny. In a minute Bobby would be indicating to Rink Weatherly that the man on the spot was poor Hoag. Nobody needs to feel sorry for me, Danny thought, furiously. Haven't I got a date to-night with a girl these chaps can't even meet?

Grimly he set to work as the pilot swung the bimotor around and back to approach the target. They would come from the west, the sun behind them, and Cadet Hoag would drop five bombs in train.

"Are you going to get set to drop those eggs, Mister Hoag? Or are you out for the ride?" Even through the noise, Lieutenant Harquer's voice was level and deadly.

"Yes, sir," Danny checked his bomb bay doors and put his eye to the rubber bumper of the instrument. Keep your mind on the job, he told himself. . . . He tried to focus himself on his job. But his head filled up with thoughts. Danny Hoag was a flop . . .

"There went your target," Lieutenant Harquer said. "Good thing that isn't Tokio downstairs."

The pilot's remarks could have been printed in purple ink, his mission would have to be run over again. Cadet Hoag hated himself, the instructor, the war, and the world.

The second run was better. Danny kicked off his five bombs; none of them touched the little frame practice shack, but they were close.

"Unfortunately," said Lieutenant Harquer, "there aren't many second chances in war. Why couldn't you have made a score like that the first time, instead of a dry run?"

The worst Danny felt, the fresher he became. "If I knew that, I guess I'd be teaching lugs like me, sir," he said.

Lieutenant Harquer thought: Personally I'd bounce this kid out of the Air Force. But what I have to remember is that it isn't personal. I'm supposed to train them. He said, "Come around to my quarters at eight o'clock to-night, Mister Hoag. Have you a date in town? M-m-m. I thought so. Well, I won't keep you too long." Lieutenant Harquer looked at Danny curiously. "The first few times you were up with me, you whistled. A man who whistles likes his work." If he expected some comment, he got none. After a moment he said, "Send Weatherly and Bobbins to score him."

From that moment until it was time for him to appear at Shangri-la, which was what the yearning cadets called the Bachelor Officers' Hall, Danny Hoag fed on his fear. The worst, the bottomless worst was going to happen. He would be washed out. Nervous as a show horse, he presented himself at Lieutenant Harquer's door.

The lieutenant admitted him

FLYING GADGET



Eyeing the three cadets, the instructor announced: "I'm going upstairs with you boys."

and said, "Myself I drink root beer. How about you, Danny?"

In the shock of hearing himself addressed by his first name his carefully constructed pose deserted him. Speechless he accepted the brimming glass and the straight chair.

The lieutenant said, "I want you to believe I'm interested in you. When you dropped your first bomb I had an idea you were going to make a first-rate bombardier. I don't know, there isn't a name for the instinct which makes one. I call it the sense of NOW! Now is the time to drop the egg! A man who has that has a priceless gift. I thought you did. What happened to your work, anyway, Danny? It's not so hot."

What Danny Hoag wanted more than anything was to be told what was wrong with his work and with his life. But he said sullenly, "I don't think my work's any worse

than some of the other fellows', sir."

"The point is that you started out by being better than most of the other fellows. All your first weeks were good. Your mental attitude, of course, left something to be desired. And now, certainly your work does. Is there any way I can help you get straight?"

Danny looked at Lieutenant Harquer. Tell him, he urged himself. Tell him you get stage fright every time you go upstairs. Tell him. But his traitorous tongue said, flippantly, "Nope. Thanks just the same, lieutenant."

"Well take one suggestion. Quit playing the town, stop trying to be a Flying Gadget. Leave the girls alone and fall in love with your work."

Then abruptly he asked, "You've never had a shack, have you?"

"Been on target, dead centre? No. . . . I mean, I never have."

"Ever play golf? Get a hole in one? Well, it's like that. It's an experience you never forget.

If I were you I'd call off my date in town. Spend this evening thinking about your job. Any man in my flight who isn't giving all he's got to bombardment can expect to be washed out."

Danny left almost immediately, and once outside he muttered: "Break my appointment? Certainly not."

He made his way, swaggering slightly, towards the gates outside which an unknown girl awaited him. Her name was Lela Ruth Pifer. Some of the guys at the field who had met her had tried to arrange further meetings, results, zero. Because he felt inferior to almost all his fellows it was necessary for Danny Hoag to do whatever they couldn't do.

So last week intrepidly he had taken his telephone in hand. A soft voice had admitted that it was that of Lela Ruth Pifer. "Cadet Hoag speaking."

"I don't know any Cadet Hoag."

"You can correct that. You might like me."

"No," she said.

"Would you like to know how I like Texas?"

"No."

In a minute she would hang up. He said, "I guess you wouldn't be interested in a chap who's just lonesome." The words rang with unexpected sincerity.

"There's no need for anybody to be lonesome in Murphy," said the patrician voice of Miss Lela Ruth Pifer. "There's a dance next Wednesday night at the hotel. I was supposed to invite something in a uniform, and it might as well be you."

So he had a date with Lela Ruth Pifer and he hadn't exactly kept it a secret. He showed his pass now and went through the gates hoping some of the fellows would see the expensive car she drove.

As soon as they got into the lobby of the hotel where the dance was

being held, Lela discovered he'd never been lonesome in Murphy. Within a minute he was surrounded by tulle and organdie skirts.

"You fibbed to me just to make me feel sorry for you, so I'd go out with you," she said.

"Well, haven't you ever known a lot of people and been lonesome for just the right person? I'm not lonesome any more." Well, maybe he half meant it. Anyway, she liked it. "Let's dance," he said, hearing an orchestra. He whistled a few bars of the tune it played. Whistling . . . what was it Lieutenant Harquer had said about a man who whistled liking his work . . . ?

Please turn to page 20



ADVICE TO MOTHERS

Keep your children free from constipation this simple way. At bedtime to-night give them NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle, pleasant-tasting laxative. FIGSEN is easy to take—no need to coax or scold. In the morning NYAL FIGSEN acts—mildly yet thoroughly—no gripping pain or stomach upsets. NYAL FIGSEN is sold by qualified chemists everywhere.

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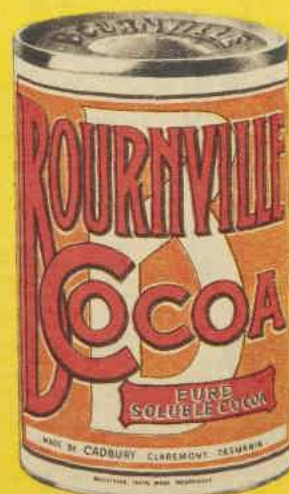
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U.S. nurses go bush in Nor'-west Australia



SETTLING IN. U.S. nurses in their tents at a recently established hospital in north-west Australia. From left: Second-Lieutenants Bessie Coker, Mildred McDonald, and Ethel Sagebiel.

Voice of girl from back home tonic for American sick and wounded

By BILL MOORE

When the first party of American Army nurses to "go bush" in Australia moved in to their tented quarters in the Northern Territory the news travelled through the north-west area like a bushfire.

Wherever an American serviceman was stationed he knew that the "nurses for the new hospital" had arrived, and there wasn't one who didn't ask: "I wonder if there's a girl there from my home town?"

I WAS there the day the girls moved in, and you couldn't blame those even from the American cattle-ranch country who remarked: "Say, this is sure rugged landscape."

It was. Only a few weeks before the ground on which we were standing had been the stamping-ground of buffaloes, kangaroos, wallabies, dingoes, and goannas.

Less than a mile away you could expect to find crocodiles in a mud-filled, mosquito-infested stream.

This was giant, anthill-studded, thick tree and fern country, with long, heavy, dust-coated grass.

Until bulldozers and other mechanical gear had pushed through the necessary road and arterial tracks, and flattened out the roughness for a hospital site, I doubt if many of the Territory's toughest bushmen had explored the spot.

It was picked out on a map as a site for a hospital because of its strategic position in relation to the bomber fields, and because it was well camouflaged by the surrounding country.

Water was tapped in the ground, and surveyors and Army craftsmen and laborers pushed ahead with the task of preparing the hospital.

It was not completed when the nurses moved in, but they cheerfully put up with the temporary inconveniences.

They are just a few miles from the Headquarters of a famous U.S. bomber group.

The crews reckoned that the arrival of the nurses was the best thing that had happened to them since they shot down several Zeros and wrecked an important Jap base.

The nurses lost the last faint hint of homesickness immediately they saw the airmen in battle-dress and the New York titles given to the "streets" in their camp.

As Ruth Bristow, 23, of Kansas, said: "Gosh, this Fifth Avenue, with its trees, gum-tips, and ferns, is as much like New York as my baggage, but hey, does this look good?"

You could appreciate the feelings of Ruth and other U.S. nurses with her. For months they had been located near an Australian city waiting to be posted.

They had come thousands of miles to tend sick and wounded servicemen.

While they waited they read of the exploits of the American ser-

vicemen and airmen. Some of these men came back from air missions badly shot up, and had to be rushed to Australian hospitals.

The attention and service there was everything that could be desired, but there was something lacking. It was the touch and the voice of the "Florence Nightingale" from back home.

The boys confessed they wanted that particular voice when I saw them in hospital. So the news that the girls had arrived was like a tonic.

The nurses carried most of their gear in regulation kit-bags and carryalls. They wore roomy khaki ensembles, open-necked shirts, washable hats, low-heeled shoes, and sockettes.

For evening, they brought smart slacks, tunic-type shirts, and light shoes. But they realised at first glance that there would be few opportunities for social life.

The nearest civilian town was more than one thousand miles away.

And do you know what the girls did first when they were assigned to their large Army bell-top tents?

The essentially female act of powdering their noses!

Then, two and three to a tent, they settled down to unpack, and make things homelike.

Their tents had concrete floors, iron beds, tables, electric light, but few other comforts.

Their "compound," as they called it, was on high ground, surrounded by a picket fence.

A notice at the gate proclaimed: "Out of Bounds."

That was for the benefit of any possible males straying from the hospital down the hill.

Felt the sun

WHEN I was invited to inspect the "compound" by the sister-in-charge, Second-Lieut. Helen Gathin, of Webber's Falls, Oklahoma, some of the girls had started their first wash-day using a kerosene bucket and a line strung from the supply unit.

Second-Lieut. Mildred McDonald, of New Bedford, Mass., said: "This sun is strong enough to dry and press my things in the one action."

I understood afterwards Miss McDonald's reluctance to iron. She had nearly been blown up by the camp's petrol iron.

I went out to interview the nurses, but I quickly realised that they had turned the tables, and were interviewing me.



LETTERS FROM HOME. Reading their mail on the third day in camp, Second-Lieutenants Mary G. Crowley, Marion L. Rose, and Valentine F. Tubak.



READY FOR PATIENTS. Making up a bed, Second-Lieutenants Ruth Bristow and Helen Gathin (sister-in-charge).

They had not been to Sydney or Melbourne, and wanted to know everything about both cities.

They had also good reports about Adelaide.

I was asked about racing, surfing, shops, Sydney Harbor, the bridge, Manly, Bondi, and even fashions.

That was before Second-Lieut. Marion Rose, of Bedford, Mass., thought to raise the question of the Northern Territory.

They were thrilled to learn that some of the American air crews had bought brumblers from local cattle stations, and went out riding in the bush.

Genevieve Krause, 23, of Wyoming, said: "This sure is a contrast with the part I come from. My home is at the foot of snow-covered ranges, and the weather was always cool."

She added that this would be her fifth successive Christmas away from her home.

"College and training to become a nurse have kept me away from my mountain range," she said.

Second-Lieut. Helen Gathin has her sister, Virginia, with her.

"Virginia and I were nursing three hundred miles apart when war came," she said. "First Virginia joined the Service, and I followed eight months later."

"We applied independently for overseas service, and, much to our



ENTRANCE to the nurses' "compound," with its warning notice to all.



WASHING DAY. Four of the nurses hanging out their laundry. —Pictures by U.S. Signal Corps.

surprise, we were both posted to the same camp hospital back home. And then we were sent together to Australia."

Irene Schulte, 22, blonde and petite, hails from West Point, Iowa. She has been 17 months in the Army, and graduated in 1941.

Virginia Fox, 25, of St. Paul, Minnesota, said: "For breakfast this morning we had bacon, corn fritters, and coffee, just like home."

The nurses' meals were cooked by U.S. Army personnel in the camp hospital kitchen.

Near the mess, workmen were laying down a small, open-air gymnasium and sports field.

Bessie Coker, 24, of Yazoo City, Mississippi, said that the girls were looking on their new job as a great adventure.

"We had been warned about your great outback, but it is not such a terrible place. I think we are going to do a swell job here," she said.

And a middle-aged medical colonel nodded his head and said: "These kids have got what it takes. They'll get along fine out here."

Editorial

NOVEMBER 13, 1943

HOMECOMING PRISONERS

"HOME by Christmas!" That oft-expressed dream of soldiers far from home may come true for some, if not all, of the Australian prisoners of war released under an exchange scheme with Germany.

Twenty-four Australians have reached England and some 520 more are being exchanged through Barcelona for repatriation via the Middle East.

Already, in families whose men are named among these, plans are being made for the best Christmas they've ever had.

"I'm praying my children will have a real Santa Claus to visit them this year," said the wife of one. "Christmas hasn't been real for us during the two years my husband has been away."

So many things aren't real for so many families now Dad isn't there.

That's why all over Australia the joy coming to the homes of repatriated prisoners is felt keenly.

The many who still wonder how many blank Christmases must yet pass for them understand the trembling excitement of the few whose prospects of reunion are more immediate.

Families of prisoners of war are relieved of the constant sharp anxiety about the fate of their men in battle.

But instead they have the constant strain of wondering about camp conditions, about food shortages, about brutal guards, and the dreary waiting and loneliness of the captives.

They suffer from a deep sense of separation. Prisoners' letters are brief and circumscribed. The feeling of intimate and free communication is not often in them.

It is good to know that for some this long strain will soon be ended.

—THE EDITOR.

Book appeal for men of the C.C.C.

They do a vital war job in lonely places

Thousands of books and indoor games are needed for men of the Allied Works Council Civil Constructional Corps, particularly those in the isolated camps of Northern Australia.

There are more than 40,000 of these men, most of them between 40 and 50 years of age, separated from their wives and families, and all doing a job vital to the war effort.

EXILED from their normal surroundings, they are hungry for reading matter and games for their leisure hours.

"The men in the North might almost be called the pyjama brigade," said Mr. Frank Clancy, Northern Public Relations Officer of the A.W.C., who recently returned from a tour of camps in the Northern Territory and North Queensland.

"After their evening meal they get into their pyjamas and go to bed, because it is only behind their nets that they escape the mosquitoes."

"The men do hard work in the daytime, and they mostly prefer light reading matter, including magazines and periodicals."

Typical of the older C.C.C. workers described by Mr. Clancy was Charlie Morrish, 67 years of age, who was working in a timber mill on an island off the north coast of Australia.

"Charlie has a wife and family in the south, and a boy in the Army," said Mr. Clancy.

"Though devoted to his home, he was prepared at his age to go out into the wilderness in order that he might do a job for the cause for which his son is fighting."

Miss their homes

OVER the camp where he works there hangs day and night, in the dry season, a pall of red dust which has reddened the tents, the clothes, and the drinking-water.

"You can imagine how welcome such comforts as reading matter are in outposts of this kind."

The men of the C.C.C., being mostly middle-aged or older, miss their normal home routine even more than would young men.

They are the type of family man who liked nothing better than to come home in the evening, smoke a pipe, and read the evening paper.

Now they work far from evening papers and the amenities of city life.

Tired at the end of a long day's work, they share whatever reading matter is available, and are avid for more.

Mrs. William Brown, who is secretary to the Allied Works Council Controller of Supplies, is organizing the appeal on behalf of the C.C.C. Comforts Campaign.

"Every woman who has menfolk in the Services should be interested in this appeal," she said.

"If her menfolk are posted in the North they will see for themselves the groundwork done by the C.C.C."

"C.C.C. workmen built aerodromes from which the airmen take off; they built huge strategic roads along which supplies are sent; men in the timber camps provided the timber for jetties, for buildings."

"In fact, the C.C.C. is the army behind the Army."

Most people have books which they will not read again, magazines with which they have finished, and which would bring pleasure to these workers behind the lines.

Those wishing to donate books or



IN THE MESS HUT of an Allied Works Council camp in Central Australia, C.C.C. members play indoor games for recreation in the evening.

games should take or send them to Allied Works Council offices in the capital city of the State in which they live.

The addresses are as follows:—
N.S.W.: Room 301, Third Floor, Richard House, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Victoria: Room 2, Third Floor, Queensland National Bank Buildings, 381 Collins Street, Melbourne.

South Australia: C.C.C. Bureau, Grenfell Street, Adelaide.

Queensland: 71 to 77 Adelaide Street, Brisbane.
Western Australia: 361 Murray Street, Perth.

In Melbourne, city office workers may, if they prefer, bring the books into their own offices and telephone M4871, extension 220, and arrangements will be made to collect the books.

Books received in all States will be sent north by the Allied Works Council and distributed by its officials.



CENTRAL AUSTRALIAN CAMP. This Allied Works Council camp is situated in lonely country in the bush of Central Australia.



CARPENTERS of the Allied Works Council Civil Constructional Corps making the framework of a huge store built for the U.S. Army.

Sunderland sinks U-boat, drops dinghy to survivors

A Sunderland flying-boat, "U" 461, of an Anzac squadron, recently sank U-boat 461.

The story is told by a member of the crew, Flying-Officer P. T. Jensen, in a letter to his parents at Gladesville, N.S.W.

PILOT of the Sunderland, Acting-Flight-Lieutenant Dudley Marrows, of Parkdale, Vic., has since been awarded the D.S.O. for a subsequent exploit.

"We sighted three subs. in a pack, and went in and attacked," writes Flying-Officer Jensen.

"We blew one of them wide open with seven depth charges."

"As it sank, about 30 survivors floated to the surface."

"We flew low over them to take photographs. They must have thought we were going to shoot them, as some held up their hands."

"We dropped one of our rubber dinghies to them, and went in, intending to attack another with our last depth charge, but some of our corvettes arrived and were lobbing shells all round, so we thought it time to retire."

"About half an hour later we sighted a single U-boat, and went in

to attack, but a shell from the sub. hit our bomb-rack and put our electrical gear out of action."

"So we were unable to drop the depth charge."

"The shell also started a fire, but that was soon extinguished, and on we went."

"When we arrived back at our base, our flying-boat went on deck to be inspected, and it was found that a shell from our first attack had hit the wing and taken a big chunk of metal out of the main spar."

"The survivors from our kill (who were picked up by the corvettes) said their sub. was U-461, and as our boat is 'U' of 461 squadron, it seems an amazing coincidence."

"The captain of the corvette which picked up the survivors gave our skipper, Dudley Marrows, some lumps of wood from the U-boat."

"On one piece the crew put a small brass plate and engraved it: 'Part of wreckage of U-boat 461, sunk by "U" 461, presented by the

crew of H.M.S. Woodpecker with heartfelt congratulations."

"Our skipper has sent it to an exhibition being held in London, and it will eventually end up in a war museum in Australia."

L.A.C. Evans, in New Guinea, to a friend at Croydon, Victoria:

"WE are practising for a concert and have a specially trained male ballet. Our instructor was formerly a professional tap and eccentric dancer."

"We have made our own wig from teased-out rope, and our underwear from old cheese-cloth and white flour bags, which we dyed with ink."

"The other night on our way to rehearsal our leading comedian fell into a salt trench full of water."

"We were helpless with laughter when we pulled him out. His wig was covered in mud, and all the colors had run from his undies."

SEND the letters you receive from your men and women in the Services to "Letters From Our Boys," conducted by Adele Shaffer Smith.

As an acknowledgment, The Australian Women's Weekly pays for every letter, extract, and photograph published. Minimum payment for long letters is £1, and for brief extracts, 5s.

Hundreds of our readers have used this payment to send extra comforts to their men.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THE Army nurse on this week's cover is Sister J. Holmes, of 113th A.G.H.

Our color photographer, Robert Cleland, shows her lighting a cigarette for a patient, Sergeant E. H. Jolly, who was a Tobruk "rat."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Film Reviews

★★★ THE MOON IS DOWN

ADAPTED from John Steinbeck's simple, yet intensely stirring, story of the Nazi invasion of Norway, Fox have made this a truly great film.

Despite the absence of important star names, the cast has been selected with such skill that each individual performance has a quality of brilliance, and literally transports the audience into the middle of the deeply moving drama.

As the mayor, Henry Travers underplays beautifully to capture the true spirit of that unassuming and bewildered little man who rises to hitherto undreamed-of heights of courage and nobility.

In direct contrast, but equally telling, is Sir Cedric Hardwicke's brutal and compelling characterisation of the Nazi colonel.

In the role of adoring young wife, Dorrie Bowden plays a scene with Peter Van Eyck that is an acting triumph, and, incidentally, newcomer Van Eyck shows excellent screen possibilities.

In supporting roles, Lee J. Cobb as the kindly old doctor, Margaret Wycherly as the mayor's wife, and E. J. Ballantine as the quelling contribute memorable scenes.

Irving Pichel's superb direction never flags for a second, and his minute attention to detail is richly rewarded—Century; showing.

★★ KEEPER OF THE FLAME

THE film version of I. A. B. Wylie's best seller has too much deliberate melodrama and carefully studied tenderness to make popular fare. Nevertheless, the star team of Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn is an appealing one, and they receive superb support from Richard Whorf and Margaret Wycherly.

The rather remote story features Tracy as a newspaper man who investigates the death of a noted American leader, and falls in love with his widow (Hepburn). Drama rears its head when his investigations turn the finger of suspicion on her.

Tracy does an excellent job, and the casual subtlety he brings to his role frequently preserves the balance when Miss Hepburn's standard mannerisms become tiresome.—St. James; showing.

★★ THE MAGNIFICENT DOPE

AN amusing comedy-drama about a country yokel who outwits the city slickers, finally converting them to a carefree philosophy of living.

Don Ameche finds himself the owner of an unsuccessful "success" school, and secretary Lynn Bari comes to the rescue with the suggestion to find the biggest failure in the country and build him up for a business career. Fonda wins the contest and is delightful as the lazy bumptious addicted to the bucolic life. Lynn Bari does well, and Edward Everett Horton adds his standard touch of humor—Civic; showing.

★ A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

CONFUSING show that sets out to be a gay and flippant murder mystery—but winds up by being neither funny nor mysterious.

Young author, Brian Aherne, and his frivolous wife, Loretta Young, take a Greenwich village basement apartment and immediately become involved in a series of weird happenings culminating in murder.

The rest of the plot follows the wearisome and all-too-familiar theme of the young author solving the great murder mystery, but by the end of the film the audience doesn't care whether the killer is captured or not—Victory; showing.

★ CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN

THIS thriller, from Universal Studios, is obviously patterned on the Frankenstein formula. The story presents John Carradine as a demented surgeon who transfuses blood from a human into the veins of an animal. As a result of his experiments a wild, half-human person emerges, and this role is convincingly played by Aquanetta. Milburn Stone appears as the hunter, and Evelyn Ankers is fairly effective as his romantic interest.

Actually the film is not as bad as it sounds, because it is deftly directed by Edward Dmytryk, and the photography is of a high standard—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are trying to clear **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who, with Teller Smith, is charged with theft.

Real thief is hypnotist Grando, Mandrake's ex-assistant, who bribes two men to kill Mandrake. Mandrake outwits them, and with his magic soon has them completely in his power.

NOW READ ON:



Team of girl glee singers win success in radio

"Serenade" is the latest addition to the Tuesday night programme schedule from 2GB. The session features the Radio Glee Singers, a team of girls who have had a rather interesting career in radio.

WHEN the directors of one of Sydney's largest stores were seeking a way to interest customers, they decided to invite them into the store for entertainment.

For these unable to be present at these informal gatherings they decided to broadcast the programme.

So "Radio Matinee" took the air, and has been heard each Thursday afternoon for nearly three years.

Staff members of the store and its branches were approached by the directors in search of talent, and ten girls volunteered to be trained as glee singers.

At first inexperienced and somewhat nervous, these girls are now important personalities among the team of artists responsible for "Radio Matinee."

In fact, it has been so popular as a daytime feature that it has now been decided to extend it to a bright evening session.

On Tuesday nights at 9 o'clock from 2GB, beginning on November 9, listeners will hear a musical half-hour, compered by Harry Nott, and introducing the twelve Radio Glee Singers, under Miss Violet Rogers, in many popular numbers.

Artists who appear in the opening broadcast, besides the Glee Singers, are the Travellers in Song, Harry Grindon and Leslie Pearce, Minnie Love and Adele Kay, and James Wilson.

Promising juniors are given a place in "Serenade," but they must be of high standard to gain a place in the programme. Sixteen-year-old Joyce Hoodless was chosen for the opening programme.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, November 10: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, November 11 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Stars in Favor."

FRIDAY, November 12: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Glee of Melody.

SATURDAY, November 13: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Fourways."

SUNDAY, November 14 (4.15 to 4.45): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, November 15: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, November 16: Musical Alphabet.

"Serenade" has an unusual feature. In place of an orchestra, singers provide the musical background and introductory themes for the items.

Tickets to witness the actual performance at the Macquarie Auditorium will be issued to listeners.



How I managed family meat coupons in Canada

Australian housewife says new rationing will be no hardship

By EDNA MOORE

(Recently returned to Australia after six years of housekeeping abroad)

In wartime England and Canada, where I lived and ran a home, I never heard one reasonable woman complain about meat rationing, and I didn't go grey myself or develop a disgruntled gleam in the eye.

There is nothing to meat rationing except that you cannot suddenly decide that you want a joint of beef and a couple yards of sausages on the same day. It is much, much better than the present scrounge to get a chop.

MY husband and I found the Canadian ration of a maximum of two and a half pounds per person per week adequate.

Australian rationing, likely to be based on the same system, will allow two and a quarter pounds weekly.

Of course, we didn't have a week-end joint as often as we used to, but we never were without some kind of meat in the house.

We also found we could have our friends to dinner whenever we wanted to, provided we planned ahead and bought unrationed things for ourselves for a few days.

In Canada meals such as liver, kidney, heart, head, brains, sweetbread, and tripe are unrationed. So are rabbits, fish, and poultry.

As soon as meat rationing came into effect in the Dominion, I worked out a system for our household which always left us with at least one whole coupon in reserve at the end of the week.

It was simply so many meals on the books, and so many without them. You have to be firm about this. If you weaken, you're finished.

Work it out

At the end of the month before the coupons expired I would have a regular field day. I'd buy a joint, a big juicy steak, and some stewing chops, which would carry us right through the next week.

That left us always with coupons in reserve for an unexpected demand, or for when our Australian airmen came down on leave, so that we could give them a meal that made them think of home and mother.

I had to think about and plan the use of our meat quota to be able to do things like that... but, after all, one doesn't have a head just to put it on.

If you start off by adopting the right attitude to meat rationing it becomes an event rather than a bother.

It is stimulating seeing what you can get to eat without blowing a coupon. I used to get all zealous with a sense of accomplishment.

Another good thing about meat rationing is that it obliges you to think about the main meal of the day. You discover all kinds of interesting things to do with other foods, and, above all, you learn how to plan a balanced diet with a minimum of meat.

When rationing is over, many of us will never go back to our old eating habits. Before our household had anything to do with meat rationing we never had as many different and tasty dishes as we do now, and we were never healthier.

If the Canadian system, which seems to be the best system of all, is adopted here, meat will be rationed on weight value per coupon according to cut.

In England, meat is rationed at one shilling and twopence worth a week, and you can't carry over.

In the United States it is rationed on points. So many points for this, and so many points for that.

American women I met in Canada, who had wrestled with the system in their own country and that in effect in the Dominion, preferred the Canadian method.

On the point system they said a woman needed a mind like an adding machine to keep track of her points and her price, and she had to be quick or she might be out-pointed or out-priced, or both.

They found the Canadian system more efficient and free from all bookkeeping (Canadian for trickery) and confusion.

It certainly is foolproof. In Canada meat is rationed in four groups—A, B, C, and D.

Group A has a weight value of half a pound per coupon, and is made up of bacon, cooked ham, and cooked meats.

Group B: Three-quarters of a pound per coupon. Steak or roasts without bone, and stewing steak without bone.

Group C: One pound per coupon. Roasts with bone, steak with bone, brisket (either fresh or corned) without bone, and loin and chump chops.

Group D: One and a quarter pounds per coupon. Cuts of brisket with bone, blade or pot roasts, fresh sausages, legs and loins, rib chops, and neck.

Canadian women with four or more in the family found that rationing made no difference to them. They could still have their week-end joint.

Many of them said they actually bought more meat under rationing than they had previously, simply because they couldn't bear seeing the precious coupons going to waste.

The woman with only two books to work on, or the business woman



SHEEP BEING LOADED on to a ship en route to Army camps.

living alone, cannot do this. They must plan.

In Canada each coupon is divided into two, so that a half can be spent at a time.

Australians may feel the pinch of rationing a little more in the beginning than Canadians and Americans because we are normally bigger meat-eaters, and they are normally bigger milk-drinkers and cheese-eaters.

The waitresses in Canadian cafes never ask you if you want tea or coffee with a meal. They say: "Coffee, tea, or milk?"

When you call on friends in Canada they will just as likely invite you to a glass of milk as a cup of tea, although they like their tea, too, and are not nearly such coffee addicts as their good neighbors south of the border.

When our airmen first arrived in the Dominion, food-conscious Canadians were simply stunned at the way they ordered steak and eggs.

It rocked them right back on their heels, and when they recovered



GREAT DAY for the British family when the one joint a fortnight is served. Australian meat rationing will help maintain British ration.



MRS. EDNA MOORE, Australian journalist, who has kept house in Britain and Canada under wartime rationing conditions.

sufficiently they gasped, "You couldn't possibly need all that protein at one meal... you couldn't POSS...IBLY. Half that amount of meat and a glass of milk would do you as much good."

After a while they became quite accustomed to the eating habits of

the boys in dark blue, or "passion purple," as they affectionately call it.

Now, whenever they appear in a cafe the waitresses hastily scrawl across the menu, "Extra Special Today. Steak and Egg a la Australian."

I shall never forget my first meal at an Australian hotel a couple of weeks ago, after an absence of nearly six years. I ordered grilled chops, a good old Australian grill, with the smell of sizzle in it.

When it came I thought they had given me my whole week's meat ration in one meal. I hadn't seen so much meat on one plate in an age.

Next morning when I saw chops and eggs on the menu for breakfast I realised with a shock what a land of full and plenty we enjoyed.

You wouldn't see that in any other country, even in peacetime.

To see it in wartime is altogether a bit of a stunner.

We can well afford to cut down on our meat consumption. It won't hurt us in the slightest.

The important thing to remember is that you cannot take meat out of the family diet without putting back something equally rich in protein, such as eggs, milk, cheese, or dried beans.

Serve plenty of baked custards, cheese soufflé, Welsh rabbit, and encourage the family, adult and juvenile alike, to drink as much milk as you can get for them in place of tea or coffee.

If you are afraid of milk being fattening, for your own peace and quietness of mind drink skim milk. Skim milk retains all the protein, and has exactly the same food value except for the butter-fat content.

The only time meat rationing ever irked me was when I foolishly sallied forth in sub-zero temperatures, rugged up to the eyebrows, and found when I had sufficiently thawed out in the warm store that I had forgotten the wretched book of coupons.

Back I would have to go, picking my tortuous way over icy pavements with the snow piled feet high, up the treacherous hill to my little home, shoot indoors, re-thaw, grab the offending books and repeat the ordeal.

It taught me to remember the hard way.



ARMY STOCKMEN rounding up sheep for the slaughter yards at Milne Bay, New Guinea.

Grandmother runs own one-woman farm

MRS. R. ST. CLAIR, of Port Macquarie, runs an eight-and-a-half-acre farm herself. Six years ago she cleared it from virgin scrubland, felling and burning off tea-tree and lantana. Now she has all except two acres under cultivation. Crops include pineapples, vegetables, peanuts, an acre of lettuce for seed, and a quarter-acre of cotton as an experiment.

Her husband is an accountant in the Main Roads Board, her son is in the Merchant Navy. She does all the farmwork and looks after an invalid daughter and grandchild.



ROTARY HOE solves manpower shortage for Mrs. St. Clair. Before she got it she used to hire a man to help with cultivation. Now does all work herself. St. Clair spent childhood on Victorian sheep station.



HARNESSING "BROWN," the plough horse. Mrs. St. Clair spent childhood on Victorian sheep station.



HOME ON LEAVE, 21-year-old Warwick St. Clair, first-class W/T. operator in Merchant Navy, helps his mother pick pineapples. Pines had been damaged by hailstorm.



BABY DUCKLINGS. Mrs. St. Clair keeps fowls and ducks, built fowl-houses and pens herself. "Don't know when I'll get time to clear those other two acres," she says.



PAINTING is another job Mrs. St. Clair turns her hand to. Recently she painted the roof. She has laid down tennis courts, and has sunk a well.

SLOWLY, the doctor answered: "Perhaps you haven't been aware that certain individuals here have a movement, on foot, to undermine this home of mine, to establish a similar one across the valley. It would ruin me, of course. And it is not a happy thought to face destruction at seventy."

"No, it can't be," I agreed. "But why do you feel that it must necessarily ruin you, Doctor Burch? Why wouldn't people still come here, too?"

"Because the one across the valley would be so much more elaborate a plant. Money has been given for it by certain individuals, a great deal of money—an amount that I would have given my eyes for, yes, literally, my eyes. But no one thought of me. No one thought what it would mean to me to have my life work destroyed at my age—"

"Well, I won't permit it, that's all. One doesn't have to accept defeat, even at seventy!"

I said: "You're not defeated, Doctor Burch."

"I don't intend to be," he answered, getting up. He smiled with determination, and took his departure. I wished that I liked him better than I did.

It was Friday night that Alex Walshied fell from the roof. I was ill on Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, and up on Wednesday, Thursday was a clear, beautiful, and very hot day.

I stayed in bed until late in the morning, then decided to get up and go out to the garden behind the house, sit under an apple tree in a long canvas chair, and read escape literature. But was still asleep. He had been working on his play until long after midnight the night before.

Through my open door I saw Mrs. Vinson trying to open the door into the trunk room.

She was a funny-looking object dressed in very brief blue shorts, a halter, a Tyrolean cape, lozenge-shaped blue glasses, and soft red bedroom slippers and pompons.

She was carrying a steamer rug, magazines, a cushion or two, and a glass of tomato juice.

One of the cushions and several of the magazines fell to the floor and I went up to help her.

"Oh, don't bother," she said, talking around her cigarette. "I'm just going out on my roof for a sunbath. I've felt so down lately. I'm simply hungry for the sun. It's meat and drink to me, you know—and I haven't been able to have one full sunbath yet this year."

"Haven't you?" I said, and waited for her to go into the attic. But she didn't go. I couldn't see her expression very well behind those absurd glasses, but I felt that she wanted to say something to me, and I felt also very strongly that I did not at all care to hear what she wished to say.

She said: "May I just come in a moment and adjust my things?"

"Certainly. Let me help you."

She sat down on the bed with her arms still clasped about cushions and blanket and magazines.

"She said: 'I've been wanting to have a little talk with you or your husband—' Would you mind closing the door?"

I did mind, but I closed it, and then came back and stood looking at her with an attempt at appearing sympathetic and interested.

"Why don't you wait, perhaps, until you can talk with my husband?" I suggested. "He is so much more helpful than I am about everything."

"Oh, no," she said. "But perhaps I can talk to him, too. It's about a memorial." As she spoke she stifled a yawn.

"Memorial?"

Mystery Stalks the Roof

Continued from page 5

"Yes; for Alex Walshied."

"Is someone going to put up a memorial for him?"

"A home, my dear, such as he had set his heart on. I shall carry out his dreams, and buy that farm across the valley and establish a rest home dedicated to Alex and his wonderful interpretation of life."

"What was that?" I asked, although it was the last thing I wanted to have to listen to.

"The sun!" she said, "to a realisation of the great Sun-Principle and the Exaltation of Force of Sacrifice. I shall get that Mexican artist and have Aztec and Mayan murals all over everything."

"All over everything in a New England farmhouse?"

"It's a wonderful idea, isn't it?" she said. "And, of course, you and your husband won't breathe a word of it. Will you, but I thought perhaps he could tell me what people do to go about having a driven well sunk. There is practically no water there at all, which seems so unfair, really, since Doctor Burch has so much water, and that brook down in the woods where he wants to make a swimming-pool if it isn't contaminated."

"But how about Doctor Burch?" I managed to suggest to her. "Won't a rival house of that sort take patients away from him, perhaps?"

She stiffened and said: "That is hardly to be considered. He is an intolerable old man, anyway. If you knew how badly he had treated Alex Walshied, Mrs. McNeill, you would be beside yourself with indignation. If you knew the outrageous things he allows to take place in this house you wouldn't stay in it another day. Why, the people he accepted! Do you know that that girl Jill Murray was in—"

"Please, Mrs. Vinson!" I interrupted her. "Miss Murray is a friend of mine. I don't want to hear anything about her."

"Well, of course, it is farthest from my mind to say anything about her. I may have some falling out, but certainly I never gossip. However, there is something of importance about Miss Murray that must not be concealed any longer. In fact, last night—I lay awake all night thinking about it; last night I came to the decision that the police must know that she was—well, they simply must know this matter that has come to my knowledge about her."

"But I am not doing anything in an underhand manner. I have given her fair warning. I wrote a nice little note, in fact two little notes, and put one under her door early this morning, and one under the door of Mr. Rufus Keyes, simply warning them—"

"Oh, Mrs. Vinson," I said, "I wonder if you will excuse me. I told my husband that I would telephone him this morning—"

"Very well, my dear." She got up, tilted the glass of tomato juice and nearly spilled it. Four cigarettes, two magazines, and the steamer rug fell to the floor, and I picked them up and stuffed them into her hands and arms. For a moment as she stood there she yawned.

"I'm awfully sleepy," she said. "I didn't sleep a wink all night. Then at six I insisted upon having a sedative. Perhaps I'll just doze in the sun."

I opened my door for her, and the door into the trunk room. She disappeared among the trunks, muttering that someone had moved everything so that she could scarcely make her way to the door out on to the roof. "I'm the only one that ever goes out here," she called back, "and, of course, nobody here ever considers me."

"Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken," I said, and thankfully closed the attic room door on her.

I finished dressing, started down the stairs, and met Doctor Burch coming up. He was almost running, and he had the look of a man whose mind is outstripping his body. He said, panting: "Pardon me, my dear—garden me—something of a hurry." Then he seemed to see me more clearly. He said: "It is absolutely outrageous. I was right about it. Fargo told me, and I won't have it. I will not permit it, I assure you. A man must protect his own interests."

I said, "Of course, Doctor Burch; but I was worried about him because he seemed so very much agitated. Still, I couldn't very well tell him to calm down, so I went on downstairs. He slammed the door into the trunk room and I hoped it would not awaken Bud."

On the second floor the door was open which led into Rufus Keyes' room. He was there, sitting at his desk drawing something, and Jill was standing talking to him.

As I came down the hall opposite the door, she turned and walked towards me, and Rufus got up and followed her.

"I shall go and have it out with the Harpy," she was saying. "Oh, hello, Anne. How nice that you're up!"

"I'm glad to be up, too," I said. "I'm going out into the garden. Come along."

She replied: "I can't—not just yet, anyway. I am going to have a few words with Mrs. Vinson."

"Doctor Burch is already having a few words with her," I said. "You'd better wait."

"Okay, we'll wait until he comes down," Rufus said. "Then we'll search her out."

"She's up on the roof," I told them. "Sun-bathing. In the briefest of costumes."

Jill said: "I'll join you before long. I may have to help mother a bit putting things away in moth balls."

I said: "You'll find me in the garden," and went out.

I don't know how long I lay in a canvas chair under an apple tree, perhaps half an hour, perhaps an hour or more. I slept a little. Apple-blossom petals drifting down on my face roused me. I opened my eyes and saw Jill Murray standing beside me. She looked extremely decorative, but slightly grim.

"May I talk to you?" she asked. "I'm quite steamed up and should like some mature advice."

"Go ahead," I said; "but I'm not such an infallible adviser."

She said: "I'm in a jam, rather. And I should like you to understand why I've done what I have."

She sat down on the grass cross-legged, then fell silent. I was afraid that she had come to some mental block, and wouldn't be able to go any farther, as she had the night Alex Walshied had died, and she had insisted upon my sending for Jeffrey.

I had always been sure that there was a great deal more than she had meant to tell us then, but hadn't been able or hadn't dared to put into words.

I said: "Did your mother get her clothes put away in moth balls?"

"Not many. Old man Fargo came up and began to scabble around in one of his trunks for something, so mother and I left."

"Did you see Mrs. Vinson?"

"Did I not!" with emphasis upon the "not."

"Where's Rufus Keyes?" I asked, to break the silence.

"He's gone off into the field to sketch. You were asleep when we passed you."

I said: "Well, what is it you wanted to tell me?"

SHE said: "There's something I don't want the police to find out, and the Harpy vows she's going to divulge it."

I asked, gently, "What is it?"

She said: "It's the skeleton in the closet of my life. It's my dark past rising up to catch me by the throat."

"Have you a dark past?"

"Yes, curse it." Her voice sounded sombre with regret.

"Very dark?"

"Stygian—at least, it's not really at all, but looks Stygian and nobody will believe it's not. I suppose that beast Alex Walshied told her about it. And mother will have to know. That's the worst of it—I've tried to keep it from mother all this time. That's why I didn't fight him out in the open."

"Him?"

"Alex Walshied."

I began to feel a little cold. "Why should you want to fight him? Is he involved in your dark past?"

"That's the trouble. And I had to have the ill-luck to go and fall in love with Rufus. Well, I shouldn't call it ill-luck, really, because it's amazing. I never thought one could be so hurricaned, actually. You see, I really am hard hit about Rufus."

"What about this Alex Walshied?" I asked.

"The whole point of that is," she said, "that Alex and I were married two years ago in Cambridge—secretly."

I choked back a gasp, and Jill went on abruptly: "I know you're shocked, Anne. I'm shocked, too. I can't think how I came to do it."

Animal Antics



"Hey, you! Got a match?"

But he has a way with women, and he made a dead set for me—rushed me. And then we were off on a skiing week-end—you know, one of those week-ends all snow and eating steak at campfires, and coming back to wood fires and songs in your ski suit and slippers. Well, those week-ends simply pump out the glamor, you know. You have to be awfully hard-headed to withstand them.

"Deriving home in the moonlight he suggested it. I don't know how I happened to be in such a daze the next week, but everybody else was engaged, and everybody in my hall thought Alex a prize, absolutely, so I let myself be swept along."

"We were married without telling anybody. Immediately after the ceremony we were starting off for another skiing week-end alone for a wedding trip, and after we'd been driving an hour I looked at his profile and thought, 'What the dickens am I doing going off with this man?' I absolutely loathe him, so I said I wanted to get out then and there in the snow, but he wouldn't. I isolated and he got angry, and we had an injudicious row that ended in a ditch."

She broke off, sat frowning a moment, and then plunged on:

"It's a wonder we weren't killed, really. I remember lying on my back jammed under the radiator in the snow shouting out at him that I'd never live with him or tell anybody we were married. He was lying some feet off because he'd broken his kneecap, and he shouted back that it was okay with him—he never wanted to see me again as long as I lived. So we both said that we'd let it ride awhile, and later on get a divorce."

"But I suppose we let it ride too long, and we didn't get a divorce because of the fuss and publicity. Some other cars came along in fifteen minutes or so, and took us to the hospital, and I've never seen anything much of him until this year when I found out he'd begun to extend his fatal charm to mother. So you see it was a mess."

"It was," I agreed.

"Yes," she went on. "Disagreeable really, because legally I was still married to him while he was busily occupied in enchanting my own mother."

"Did he know she was your mother? I mean at first?" I asked. "I don't know," she answered. "Possibly he did. It's just the sort of thing that would appeal to him. He had a very morbid sort of emotional mind, you know. Unwholesome!" She shivered, and buried her head in her arms.

She looked young and defenceless and I pitied her. It was a disagreeable tale, and one that would look particularly sinister to the police should they find out.

"Did Mrs. Vinson know this?" I asked.

"Oh, you bet she did. I suppose Alex told her. It's just her meat, too. It's the sort of thing she thrives on. She says she's going to tell the police this and reopen the whole subject of his falling off the roof."

"Look," I said, "I think perhaps it would be just as well to tell this to Jeffrey. Things are getting a bit thick. I can't quite see where all this is going to lead."

"I can," she said. "I can see very clearly where it's leading—and I don't like the destination at all."

To be continued

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As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE stars divide their influences for good and bad fortune about equally this week. Tuesday, November 9, is the best day.

All those born under the sign Taurus should be guarded at this time of the year if they would dodge partings, dismissals, losses, upsets, and unfavorable changes.

Aquarians and Leonians should be cautious, too.

Most Cancerians, Pisceans, and Scorpions will find the current weeks propitious, and Virgoans and Capricornians should find them helpful.

Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): November 9, from 11 a.m. onward, and November 12, forenoon and early evening helpful. November 13, afternoon and after 10 p.m., quite fair, too.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Be guarded; conditions can bring losses, upsets, forced changes, especially on November 11, and November 12.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): November 9, after 11 a.m., and November 12, afternoon hours and after 10 p.m., quite fair, also November 14 near sunset. Avoid over-optimism.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Work hard seeking desired changes, gains, improvements. November 12 fair between 1 and 8 p.m. only, November 13 afternoon hours, and November 14 dawn and sunset hours, or November 15, from 8 to 9 p.m. only, very fair.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Be guarded; difficulties, delays, worries, and dangers possible, especially on November 12, November 13, November 15, and very early November 16 poor, too.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): November 12, from 8 to 9 p.m. only, very fair, November 16 just fair. November 14 helpful from 8 to 9 p.m. only.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): November 13, early afternoon and after 10 p.m., can be quite good; also November 18 near dawn and sunset. Rest of week poor.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): November 9, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., and afternoon, can be most helpful, so seek progress, changes, favors, gains. November 16 morning and mid-evening helpful, too. November 17 and 18 poor. November 19, 8 to 9 p.m. only, and November 24 helpful.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Routine affairs and for you this week, though November 9, after 11 a.m., and November 10, midday and mid-evening hours, can be most helpful for semi-urgent matters.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): November 11 fair, keeping near sunset; November 12 fair around sunset, but otherwise poor. November 15, evening poor.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Avoid changes of all kinds just now. Some arguments and needless obstacles, especially on November 11, November 12, and the evening of November 13.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): November 9 and 10 moderately helpful. November 11, late afternoon poor, balance fair. November 12, near sunset helpful, midday poor; November 15, good between 1 and 8 p.m. only, balance poor; November 18 helpful, so seek progress, gains, favors, dangers then, but with caution.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"By some mistake, you've had two cups of coffee, Mister. You'll have to order another lunch to make things even."

Fashion PATTERNS

F3272 — A crisp, slippy two-piece suit for summer wear. Size, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. and 3 yds. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2320 — Cool-black slimming Alpie — a necessity in every wardrobe. Size, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F6638 — Slim, non-buiky essentials for summer—vest and pants. Size, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 1 1/2 yds. for pants and 1 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide, for vest. Pattern, 1/10.

F1993 — Chic, long-sleeved blouse. Comes in rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of pink, blue, also white. With its high Peter Pan collar and full front, it's ideal for afternoon wear, or evening wear with long skirt. Ready-to-Wear, 32 and 34-inch bust, 21/8 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 26/8 (7 coupons). Plus postage, 1/24.

F2321 — New Yorker styled swim suit. Size, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

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F1995 — Chic, long-sleeved blouse. Comes in rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of pink, blue, also white. With its high Peter Pan collar and full front, it's ideal for afternoon wear, or evening wear with long skirt. Ready-to-Wear, 32 and 34-inch bust, 21/8 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 26/8 (7 coupons). Plus postage, 1/24.

F2321 — New Yorker styled swim suit. Size, 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

Needlework Notions

HEART DUCHESSE SET FOR CHRISTMAS

This dainty three-piece set is available all traced ready for embroidering. It comes in Indian muslin in shades of lemon, green, pink, blue, also white. The daintily scalloped edge is to be worked in buttonhole-stitch, or edged with a narrow lace. The floral motifs are very simple, and most effective when completed. Price complete for the three pieces, 2/3. Postage, 21d. Please ask for No. 417.

SWEET FROCK FOR LITTLE GIRLS

With the pretty pattern traced clearly on eyelet linen in shades of lemon, green, pink, sage-blue, and beige, also white, this little washable frock is all ready to sew together. It comes in sizes 2 to 8 years, and is priced as follows: Ready to make—2 to 4 years, 5/11 (4 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 7/11 (4 coupons); and 6 to 8 years, 9/6 (5 coupons). Plus postage, 41d. Please ask for No. 416.

Fashion Frock Service



"HILL" CHIC, LONG-SLEEVED BLOUSE

Comes in rayon crepe-de-chine in shades of pink, blue, also white. With its high Peter Pan collar and full front, it's ideal for afternoon wear, or evening wear with long skirt. Ready-to-Wear, 32 and 34-inch bust, 21/8 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 26/8 (7 coupons). Plus postage, 1/24.

"JOAN" SHORT-SLEEVED BLOUSE

In lingerie satin in ivory, magnolia, pink, blue, green, or lemon, this dainty little tailored blouse is sweet with its bow-tie necktie, buttoned front, straight yoke, and short, well-extended sleeves. Ready to Wear, 32 and 34-inch bust, 19/11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 22/11 (6 coupons). Plus postage, 1/24. Cut Out Only, 32 and 34-inch bust, 13/6 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40-inch bust, 18/3 (7 coupons). Plus postage, 1/24. How to obtain "JOAN" and "JOAN" in N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 2488/3, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please state size of the bust.



AFTER THE MARCH. The Governor-General, Lord Gowrie, talks to Mrs. W. P. Minell (left) and Miss Noreen Dangar, of the Red Cross, at the Town Hall, after the Liberty Loan march.



HEADS OF SERVICES. Lieut.-Colonel Kathleen Best (left), Assistant Adjutant-General Women's Services; Colonel Sybil Irving, A.W.A.S. Controller; Colonel A. M. Sage, A.A.N.S. matron-in-chief; and Lieut.-Colonel May Douglas, A.A.M.W.S. Controller, at opening of Army Educational School for Women's Army.

On and Off DUTY.

NEWS of singer Essie Ackland and her husband, Reginald Morphew, who are now living in Middlesex, comes in letter to Miss Ackland's former teacher, Madame Emily Marks.

Letter runs: "We have been terribly busy, and have been lucky enough to do all our National Service work (singing for the troops in camps, canteens, and hospitals) together—a boon which we will always appreciate. We have done over 500 of these concerts in all."

Miss Ackland also mentions tours of factories under the C.E.M.A. (Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts), and also a concert in much-bombed Swansea, in the new Brangwyn Hall, which seats 1500 and was untouched by the blitz.

She also writes that, as well as this work, her husband is in the Home Guard.

DOWN from her home in Dubbo for a few weeks' stay is Buntie Griffin, who is staying with Captain and Mrs. Sydney Schwuk, of Moesman.

ALL SAINTS', Petersham, is chosen by Sylvia Green and Sergeant J. H. Cornett, A.I.F., for their wedding recently.

Sylvia is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Green, of Redfern, and her husband is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Cornett, of Waterloo.

LANCETTE Gwendee are unusual names chosen for baby daughter of Corporal Lance Rodgers, R.A.A.F., and his wife, formerly Gwen Baker, W.A.A.A.P.

Mrs. Rodgers and the baby have now left the Mater Private Hospital, and they are ensconced in a flat in Manly.

MARIE LITTLEJOHN and Betty Forbes, of A.B.C. Staff War Fund Committee, so up to 103rd A.G.H. to inspect recreational wing committee have donated.

To provide further equipment for the wing, the committee is organising a dance to take place at the Town Hall this Friday.



OSCAR WILDE'S SON, Mr. Vyvan Holland, member of European Section of the B.D.C., and his bride, formerly Thelma Besant, of Melbourne, leave St. Margaret's, Westminster.



CHRISTENING. Major and Mrs. Ken Mackay and their baby daughter, Margaret Rose, at the christening ceremony at St. Stephen's. Mrs. Mackay was formerly Phyllis Skene, of Camden.



NEW OFFICERS' HUT at St. Andrew's has among its voluntary helpers Mrs. John Alston (left) and Isabel Horburgh.



CUP ENTRANT Gay Revelry is admitted after training gallop at Flemington by A.M. Joan Miller, W.A.A.A.P., and Sue Anspach, of American Red Cross, who attends her first Cup this year.

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HEAPS of telegrams from pupils of Sergeant Betty Wade, wireless telegraphy instructor in the W.A.A.A.P., are read at wedding reception when Betty marries Sergeant Fred Rafferty, A.I.F.

Betty gets special leave, and dons her uniform for the day and wears lace and organdy gown. She is attended by her cousins, Judith and Jeannette Miller.

Bride is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wade, of Bondi, and bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Rafferty, of Sydney.

DARK, attractive Shirley Court-Rice has only two days to arrange her wedding with Flight-Lieut. Harold Snowden, R.A.A.F.

They are married at Woollahra Registry Office, and reception is held at the home of Shirley's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Stewart, of Rose Bay.

Shirley is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Court-Rice, of Rose Bay, and Flight-Lieut. Snowden is the son of the late Mr. Harold Snowden, and of Mrs. B. Penn, of Perth, W.A.



AT EXHIBITION of war photos, "America Marches," at Blaxland Galleries. Mrs. Angus McPherson (left) and Mrs. Graham Pratten inspect photo of Clark Gable as air-gunner.

Interesting People

DR. ALLAN NEVINS

...allies for long time
VISITING Australia at invitation of Sydney University is Dr. Allan Nevins, Professor of History, Columbia University, New York. He will give series of lectures on American history. His visit is step towards establishing Chair of American History at Sydney University.

"Americans and Australians should know more about each other because they are to be allies for a long time," he declares. Will later visit New Zealand as representative of U.S. Office of War Information.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA

...Royal romance
LOVELY Princess Alexandra of Greece, recently engaged to twenty-year-old King Peter of Yugoslavia, following two-year romance, can converse with him only in English. Neither knows the other's native language.



Alexandra, studied nursing at C.A.M. bridge. Works in Service canteen. Is daughter of late King Alexander of Greece and cousin of Duchess of Kent.

P/O. W. F. MIZON, D.F.C.

...skill, courage, and determination
RECENTLY awarded Distinguished Flying Cross, Pilot-Officer Warren F. Mizon, R.A.A.F., Sydney, has taken part in many attacks on Germany, Italy, and occupied territory. Citation with his award states that, despite many hazardous experiences, he has continued to display exceptional keenness for operational flying. By his skill, courage, and determination has extricated his aircraft and crew from number of perilous situations.





Movie World

• Warners' star, Bette Davis, is taking a brief vacation to try to regain her strength after the shock of the tragic death of her husband, Arthur Farnsworth. Bette is president of the Hollywood Canteen, and an indefatigable war worker. In

return for filming the story of the canteen, Warners has agreed to give 40 per cent. of the film's profits to the Hollywood Canteen, and intends to utilise all studio's top stars, including Bette Davis. She will next be seen in "In This Our Life."

BUBBLES... THE NEWLYWEDS' CRISIS



Thanks Mrs. Wilson!



Mrs. Wilson is giving her Vegemite to the fighting forces

When you go without your Vegemite, you are helping Australia's War Effort. It seems strange, doesn't it? But here's how it happens. Most of the Vegemite we can make is needed for our fighting men. As you know, Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast, which contains three vital vitamins—B₁, B₂, and P.P. (the anti-pellagric factor). That is

why Vegemite is so necessary to our fighting men at home and overseas—these three vitamins are essential to physical fitness. So remember, that until we have won this war, stocks of Vegemite will be limited. All the Vegemite we can spare is going to the troops. And in helping them, you're helping Australia to victory.



VEGEMITE

Quality
IS TOM PIPER'S POLICY

Only the very best ingredients are used in Tom Piper Fresh Canned Foods. Prime meat and the freshest vegetables, prepared and cooked under scrupulously hygienic conditions and handled with the aid of the most up-to-date machinery, enable Tom Piper to maintain an unvarying high standard of quality. There'll be plenty for civilians when the war has been won.

TOM PIPER

THE NAME OF GOODNESS IN FRESH CANNED FOODS

Appointment in Berlin



1 ENGLISH AIRMAN Wilson (George Sanders) is involved with Nazi spy ring, headed by Ilse (Marguerite Chapman) and her brother Rudolph (Onslow Stevens).



2 OVER BERLIN RADIO, Wilson makes anti-British broadcasts, but is actually sending code messages, and is assisted by Van Leyden (Gale Sondergaard).



3 REALISING Gestapo are on her trail, Van Leyden reveals invasion plans to Wilson, then kills herself.



4 FINDING his broadcast has been cancelled, Wilson knocks out Rudolph and manages to make his escape.

Traitor or patriot?

IN "Appointment in Berlin," Columbia advances the startling theory that the infamous "Lord Haw Haw" may actually be martyring himself to do important espionage for Britain. George Sanders, who plays his prototype, is a thoroughly disreputable English Air Force officer, cashiered out of the Service and subsequently engaged by the Nazis to broadcast to the British Isles as the "Voice of Truth." He double-crosses the Germans, however, and by means of an ingenious code uses his broadcasts to transmit vital military information. In this film you will also see 74-year-old retired business executive Henry F. Sanders, who makes his film debut playing the role of father to his own son, George Sanders.

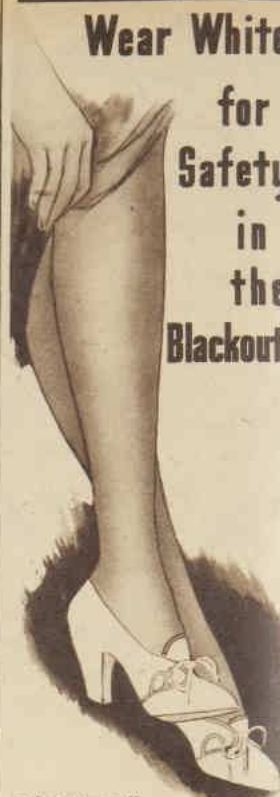


5 WHEN ILSE, who is in love with Wilson, tries to help his escape she is shot by her brother.



6 STEALING A PLANE, Wilson radios his information to the R.A.F., and then deliberately drives the plane into an oil tank to light the sky for the British airmen.

Wear White for Safety in the Blackout



● Protect yourself against traffic accidents—wear white shoes. But remember—they must be WHITE... and that means Shu-Milk! It removes the dirt, dries quickly and evenly, and gives your shoes a soft, snow-white smartness that attracts the eyes of everyone.

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Cuticura SOAP

CUTICURA SOAP
CUTICURA OINTMENT

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Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy and ruin your health. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day brings free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No doses, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and get relief from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Relieves Asthma... Now 6/- and 12/-

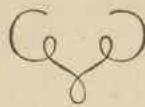
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All you need is refrigerator or hand churn, milk, cream and Hansen's Mix. Ready for freezing in 3 minutes; half price of bought ice cream.



SPRING BRIDES

... in delicate pastels



• Epaulets of fresh flowers to garnish your wedding dress and a large wavy-edged beret worn flat on top of your head and anchored with tiny velvet ribbons beneath your chin.



• A microscopic white wavy-edged straw saucer piled high with a velvet concoction of flowers. A short, stiff eye-veil hangs over the face, and a bandeau and a great bow of veiling covers the back of the head.

• Pastel blue summery dress with draped slotted neckline, through which are caught two or three deep red roses. Add large hat with deep red edge and yards of veil, and pin more roses on a matching bag.



• White crepe for a lovely draped dress with fitted midriff. With it a white mesh snood, with a trail of orange blossom and pastel green velvet bows. Another posy of blossoms and bows at the waist and gloves repeat the pale, pale green.

• Pink crepe for a dress with a slim silhouette, the bodice draped and laced tight up the front and a tiny frill where it joins the willowy skirt. The heart-shaped neckline accented with flowers, and a large topknot of flowers tied on with masses of dotted veiling.



GRACE BROS

ALL OCCASION



ME5WW. Spring Frock of BRITISH CORDROSA CREPE, high neckline with three buttoned fastenings, gored skirt. Ties sash and fullness over bustline. Shades: Dusty Pink, Mountain Blue, Junior Navy. Sizes: SS, W, W. PRICE 27/6 (5 COUPONS)

Frocks for Summer

Please Make a Second Choice



ME6WW. Bright FLORAL SPUN. Frock for larger figures. Fullness from shoulder yoke, neat piping on bodice, gored skirt and tie sash. Large assortment of designs and patterns, snails and large. Sizes: W, SS, OS, XOS, XXOS. PRICE 32/6 (5 COUPONS)



ME7WW. Marron's Frock of BRITISH RIO CREPE. V neckline and slenderizing cross over bustline, gored skirt and tie sash. In Black, Navy. Sizes: W, SS, OS, XOS, XXOS. PRICE 36/6 (5 COUPONS)



ME8WW. Useful Suit in CREASE-RESISTING BRITISH CREPE LYNE. revers neck, tucked shoulder-line and two pockets, covered buttons and tie belt. Four pleats in skirt front. Shades: Dusty Pink, Vivid Rose, Fawn, White, Malta Blue. Sizes: SS, W, W, SS, OS, XOS. PRICE 39/11 (5 COUPONS)

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our first aid to food economy

TRY THIS DESSERT WITH A DIFFERENCE
PASSIONFRUIT SWANSDOWN PIE.
6 SERVINGS.

Dissolve 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water. Separate yolks and whites of 2 eggs, beat yolks lightly. Place in saucepan $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, 3oz. sugar, piece thinly peeled lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Bring to boiling point; strain on to yolks; mix well; add gelatine. Leave to thicken. Add stiffly beaten egg whites and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup passionfruit pulp. Carefully placed in cold baked pie shell.

DEPARTMENT W

DAVIS GELATINE

Sydney, G.P.O. Box 3583; Melbourne, G.P.O. Box 4058; Brisbane, G.P.O. Box 758K; Adelaide, G.P.O. Box 712F.

There's always a Davis Gelatine dish to make scarce foods go further or to give variety to foods that are plentiful or to use leftovers skilfully. The foods are more easily digested and the best use is made of their nourishing properties.

If you would like more recipes for tempting economical dishes write for a free copy of our illustrated recipe book, "Davis Dainty Dishes," enclose 2d stamp for postage:

It was as though there had been thought transference. Danny lifted his head to behold the lieutenant, buying cigarettes at the cigar stand, not ten feet away. Further, Lieutenant Harquer saw him, too. His eyes took in Lela Ruth on Danny's arm.

"What's the matter?" Lela Ruth said, startled at Danny's expression. "Not a thing. Not a little thing. Come on, where's that band?"

Like many girls who are reputedly hard to know, Lela Ruth Pfiffer was only shy. She liked Danny Hoag right away, and when, later in the evening, he told her that he had washed out as a pilot, and that it had sunk him, "for a while," her heart went out to him and never came back.

Next day Danny braced himself to face Lieutenant Harquer and take his medicine for having disregarded the instructor's suggestion that he stay on the field last night. But the lieutenant's eyes passed absently over Cadet Hoag. Maybe, thought Danny, he's so sure of washing me out now, that it isn't worth while to say anything to me. Fear grew within him like a living organism, and he scarcely knew how he got through the days.

The only comfort he had was Lela Ruth. She took him to her big house with its water-tinkling patio, and introduced him to her father, giving him a big build-up. "This is Danny Hoag, and he's wonderful. Dad. He doesn't complain about a thing, and he's had a tough time." Mr. Pfiffer was interested only until he heard that the tough time consisted in having washed out as a pilot cadet. "What's so tough about being a bombardier?" he demanded.

There was no way Danny could explain to a man who'd always been a success what it felt like to be a failure. The only thing he could do was to get even with Mr. Pfiffer, too, . . . by wooing his daughter.

Why don't I recommend that Hoag be washed out? Lieutenant Harquer asked himself that question almost every day. What makes me think he has the stuff? Well, he only has five weeks, four . . . three.

The last three weeks of training are spent in incessant flying—night and day. For men who are good bombardier cadets it is the best time of all. For Danny Hoag, watching man after man with lesser talents outstrip him, outbomb him, it was undiluted torture. He was sleepless by night and brain-sick by day. It was in this mood that he became engaged to Lela Ruth Pfiffer.

It came about because she had sent for him to tell him that they oughtn't to see each other any more until he had finished the course. "Dad said I was hurting you by spending so much time with you. He says a cadet needs every ounce of stuff he has in the last weeks."

It seemed to him that she and her father had read his secret premonition of failure. "Are you trying to

brush me off? You don't have to beat around the bush."

"Danny!" She took his hand between her own, cradled it mournfully. "It isn't that . . . you know it isn't, Danny. I just . . . care so much about what happens to you that I'd die if you washed out."

"What makes you think I'm going to?" he said harshly. "Is that the opinion you have of me?"

"Danny . . . anybody could wash out. Please . . . I'll wait for you. I won't see any other fellows. Just put everything you've got into your work these last few weeks."

He rose. "I've got to get back to the field. We're bombing for record this afternoon. Lela Ruth . . . if you don't want to see me till I get through, then I don't want to see you. Ever." She cried, and he felt better.

"All right," she said. "I couldn't stand never seeing you again. I give in."

He kissed her. But he wasn't covered up yet, where the fright and weakness in him had been exposed.

"Lela Ruth, will you marry me?"

Mistrusting something in his voice she drew back within the curve of his arms. "Danny . . . do you love me?"

"Even if I don't get through, will you marry me?" He had to make sure of that . . . that even if he failed he'd have some triumph to solace him.

"The only reason it matters to me is because I know how much it matters to you. I'll marry you whatever happens."

At the field the B-24 had been wheeled out; its great, dark green wings threw black shadows. The mission was to bomb for record at high altitude. The cadets who were going upstairs in the big boat stood together in the dust, jumpers on, chutes ready, pistols on hips: Hoag, Bobbins, Weatherly, and Hoffman. As Lieutenant Harquer approached the group he saw that Hoag seemed to be getting his back slapped. There was no mistaking it, the carryings-on were congratulatory.

CADET Hoag

made the announcement: "I'm engaged to be married, sir." He was a bit more than necessarily triumphant. Vindictive, almost.

All right, the lieutenant thought, he's asking for it. "Well, that's very interesting news," he said, and then to the other three men: "Get to the ship. Mister Hoag, I'd like to talk to you."

The noise dimmed as the lieutenant and Danny walked down the field.

"Some time ago," said the instructor, "I suggested to you that you fall in love with your work. You didn't see fit to do so." He paused. "It won't be necessary for you to postpone your wedding date until graduation, Mister Hoag. You aren't going to graduate."

To Danny the words seemed low; they went not to his ears but to his heart. Washed out. Again. It's more than I can live through, he thought despairingly. I'm no good at anything.

"As a matter of fact," Lieutenant Harquer said, "maybe you'd be better off in another field of service. Not everyone belongs in the air."

Not belong in the air? Danny Hoag who had a swivel-neck from watching the wings go by in the sky? Anger rose in him. Then, suddenly, he relaxed.

The thing had happened to him, there was nothing left to fear.

The B-24 took off, circled, gained altitude. Down below was Murphy, Texas, where Lela Ruth lived. His mind hit her name and bumped away. But not before he thought: I can't hold her to her promise—she deserves better than me.

It was going to be a long wait before he and Bobby Bobbins got down into the greenhouse. Weatherly would score for Hoffman, then Hoffman for Weatherly, they would drop five eggs apiece from three angles, with a practice run for each man.

Usually when there was a long wait ahead before his turn came Danny suffered, his mind jumped and his palms sweated. Now there was nothing left to worry about; he enjoyed the ride.

"Hey!" Bobby Bobbins barked.

Flying Gadget

Continued from page 7

"Lay off that Apple Tree, will you, Danny, or whistle in key?"

No. No. No.

"Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me."

Danny never knew where the time had gone. It must have been almost two hours but it seemed like five minutes later that he and Bobby Bobbins had wormed their way into the nose of the B-24, replacing Hoffman and Weatherly. Bobby would drop his eggs now. Danny had no idea of how well or poorly the others had scored; he had been blind and deaf to everything but his wrath. Now he came alive.

"When I bomb Berlin I'll feel like this, clear and mad and happy," he was thinking when Bobby signalled for him to take over.

Silently he laid to the instrument. "Anyway, you'll never forget Danny Hoag." He adjusted his sight respectfully and got to work.

The plane would approach the target from three angles, describing a three-leaved clover in the air. It would travel as level as a good pilot could keep it.

No, no, no.

"Don't go walking down lovers' lane with anyone else but me."

Direction and velocity of wind, speed, sun . . . Bombs just hanging in the bay waiting for him to drop them, like kids waiting to have the door opened so they can play outside.

All right! The cross hairs marry the target. NOW! In his inner ear, intuition shouted at him, NOW! And the egg was gone!

Back she goes, the bright blue bomb, and down; lazylike. She's too far behind the target, the plane is directly over the target now. The bomb lags. Ah, there she goes now, gliding in toward the target . . . smaller and smaller.

Bobby leaned forward studying the toy earth. "Man," he said, respectfully, "I make that to be about twenty-five feet."

Another bomb had gone, a third left the ship. There were now flowers on the plain below. White flowers, quick-growing, quick-dying. Never mind. The photographs would have the data, exact, imperishable.

This was the best he'd ever done. There was no surprise in Danny. Hah! This is bombing in any man's country.

He didn't know he was whistling.

The plane came in from the south-west now. Now the last bomb was away.

"Better be a good one," Danny said, leaning forward.

The shack was almost invisible down below, his trained eye saw it as a black dot on the sheet of brown prairie.

The bomb was a bird getting smaller, a fly, a mosquito . . . Now it was invisible, gone. At last! Puff, the tiny flower. But not so white; a little grey, indicating that the bomb had put its teeth into something besides dirt; there was debris in that smoke flower. Danny had got him a shack!

The beautiful and awesome B-24 came down on her field. The ground crew swarmed upon her, the sky crew tumbled out.

It was as though Lieutenant Harquer had been waiting for the ship to come in. Casually he approached Bobbins and Hoag.

"Seems to me I heard," said the lieutenant, "that somebody got a shack. The range detail sent word. Was that you, Hoag?"

"Yes, sir." Now, just after he'd had a shack, wasn't it strange that he should feel humble?

Lieutenant Harquer studied Danny's face as though it were a blueprint. The tightness had gone from it, the lips no longer sneered, the eyes were steady. They neither pleaded nor threatened. I was right about him; he's sound, thought Lieutenant Harquer. Some day he'll have a chest covered with medals.

Then aloud he said: "The matter we're discussing before you took off. You can skip it, Mister Hoag."

"Thank you, sir," said Danny. His face lit up. "Sir, I sure thank you," he repeated, and to himself he added: Lela Ruth, get set. I'm going to ask you the same question in another way.

(Copyright)

Know how to treat minor injuries

● Every mother should be armed with a knowledge of first-aid, for few youngsters escape minor accidents as they rush headlong through life.

By MEDICO

DURING the week-end one of the Smith twins put a berry up his nose to see what would happen. His mother and several neighbors tried to get it down with a hairpin—and pushed it up well out of sight!

The proper instruments easily recovered the offending berry, and the boy was none the worse.

Their mother told me she never realised that two children could get into so much trouble in so little time. "I'm going to learn first-aid before the next adventure," she said.

Whether you have children or not, a knowledge of first-aid is no load to carry. You never know when



ARMED with first-aid knowledge, mother can soon bring back the smile to a tear-stained face when a little chap cuts his hand, bruises his thumb, or strikes other minor troubles in the hurly-burly of play.

you may be faced with an accident and this knowledge will save a life.

However, with children I've noticed that the average accidents are grazed knees, bruises, cut feet, and objects in ears, nose, and eyes.

Every graze or gravel rash should receive some attention—it is a break in the skin and opening for bacteria. Wash the graze thoroughly with soap and water, dry with a piece of sterile gauze, and cover thickly with tannic acid jelly.

This forms a temporary skin, excludes infection, and allows the new skin to grow without being further damaged.

Cuts, small or large, all need to be dressed. Encourage bleeding which washes the wound from within outwards. Cleanse the surrounding skin with warm, soapy water. Dry with sterilised gauze or a freshly laundered handkerchief, and then cover the skin with a sterile dressing, and keep it in place with adhesive tape.

If the cut is a deep one and has been caused by a rusty nail, wire, or a splinter, there is a very good reason why you should encourage the wound to bleed freely. This can be done by squeezing the surrounding skin, taking care not to touch the cut itself.

Tetanus danger

A WOUND caused by anything likely to be soiled by manure should receive medical attention, as there is always a possibility of tetanus. An injection of serum will prevent this.

Nose-bleeding looks bad, but it's not harmful, and does not require much treatment. Pinching the soft part of the nose often does the trick.

If the bleeding is severe, sit the patient in a chair, tilt the head slightly forward, and put cold compresses on the back of the neck. Some authorities advise the head tilted back, but this makes it difficult to apply the compresses.

And now the objects that get into ears and noses accidentally or otherwise:

First, there are two don'ts: Don't use water, and don't poke at the object. Peas, seeds, and berries absorb water and swell; poking may injure delicate membranes and push the object farther in.

Instead, put the affected ear down on a pillow and see if it will fall out. A teaspoon of olive oil poured into the ear is an old-fashioned method that often succeeds.

For an object in the nose, press the finger against the clear passage, then, to use the old formula, blow hard. If that doesn't do the trick, try pepper and sneezing. Then if you don't succeed do not persist, but see a doctor.

SUNBATHING FOR BABES

By Our Mothercraft Nurse

SUNLIGHT is life-giving, but wrongly used it can be dangerous for babes and toddlers as well as adults.

A leaflet telling mothers how to use sunshine safely for their babes has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded to you if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

STRING BAG... in crochet

THIS strong, capacious shopping bag would make a welcome Christmas gift.

You require two hanks of string, material for lining, No. 6 crochet hook, and scraps of wool or felt for decoration, if desired.

To make it, you crochet two circular pieces in treble until they measure approximately 14½ inches in diameter. Then make a chain of eight stitches (3ins. wide), and work in treble until it measures 29ins. in length.

Join the two rounds (which represent the sides of the bag) to the long strip by double crochet. Handles can be made by crocheting two strips, each 11ins. long, in double or treble. These are stitched to top of bag. Cut the lining a similar size to the pieces, and machine together, then stitch to the top opening.

Crochet colored flowers, leaves, and stalks to any desired design, and stitch to one side of bag, or decorate with flowers and leaves cut from scraps and gaily colored felt.



THIS BAG is most economical to make. String costs about 2/4, and flowers to trim can be made from odd scraps of wool or felt. For lining, use bright pieces of material from the sewing bag.

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If your gums are tender, sore, and bleed—take heed right away! These are often signs of Pyorrhea—a swiftly spreading inflammation where the gums join teeth.

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話談之洲澳對人夫事領王

China Speaks to Australia

Seven harrowing long years of war have taught the Chinese people that the battle front extends to the home. On the toil and sacrifice of housewife and worker, of the people behind the guns depends the production that will hasten victory and bring back to us our loved ones. And Australian women and the women in common—do a purpose in common—do a deed that by every means in their power, by saving and self-denial, they will prove as deserving of their country's gratitude as are their gallant fighting men.

Phyllis Wang
Wife of the Consul
for China in Victoria

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If you live in Victoria, S.A. or W.A., you'll find difficulty in obtaining "Three Flowers" Face Powder and Creams. But don't worry too much—the shortage is due only to war-time conditions and will be overcome just as soon as possible.

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TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

Planned to spice your menus

● Favorite kitchen pastime nowadays is making do. It's not so hard. Many a good dish has started as an apology and ended as a triumph. It's a matter of planning and practice.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's Weekly.

THACK up on your kitchen wall a list of the food "musts." Include them in the daily menu by careful marketing and constant kitchen manoeuvring.

You may be able to afford only the minimum of these foods, but buy your quota and be clever with your management of the cheaper kitchen staples, such as flour, cereals, bread.

Don't let your menus look meagre. Staples can stretch the essential meat, eggs, and vegetables; cookery tricks can develop flavors; and a little time and trouble can produce delicious-looking platters.

MINTED APPLE JELLY ROLL

(An inexpensive, made-at-the-last-minute sweet.)

Eight to 12 thin slices of fresh bread, apple jelly, chopped mint, chopped nuts.

Cut the crusts from the bread. Spread the bread liberally with fruit jelly, sprinkle lightly with chopped mint, and roll firmly. Brush the top of each roll with jelly, and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

GINGERBREAD RING WITH APPLE SAUCE

(A hearty, old-fashioned dessert for war-working appetites.)

Half cup clarified dripping, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup treacle, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup boiling water.

Cream fat and lemon juice and sugar. Beat in the whipped egg and treacle. Sift flour, soda, salt, and spices together; add to the creamed mixture alternately with the boiling water. Pour into a well-greased 8-in. ring mould. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 45 minutes. Stand for a few minutes before turning out. Serve with stewed apple or rhubarb.

JELLIED MEAT RING

(Meat gives satisfaction value to a salad platter. This recipe satisfies the budget as well as the appetite.)

Three cups meat or veal ble stock, 3 tablespoons tomato sauce, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1 cup bread seasoning, 3 cups finely minced cooked meat, 2½ dessertspoons gelatine, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, pepper and salt.

Dissolve the gelatine in the meat stock. Season to taste. Set a pattern of egg-white rings in the bottom of a ring or loaf tin by setting first a little stock in the tin, placing on top egg-white rings, and setting this with a little more jellied stock. Add the tomato sauce to one cup of the stock, and pour this into the loaf tin. When set, cover with bread seasoning moistened with a little stock, and then add the meat, to which the remainder of the stock has been added. When set, turn out and serve with salad vegetables, using the egg-yolk for salad garnish or dressing.

THIS WEATHER-WISE SALAD PLATTER looks good, but costs little. The meat ring consists of a layer of clear jellied stock in which the pattern is set, tomato flavored jellied stock, bread seasoning and jellied minced cooked meat. The salad is parsley, potato slices, grated raw turnip, topped with egg-yolk and pimento, and shredded cabbage with radish and a hint of onion. Minted apple jelly rolls complete meal.

PARSLEY COLESLAW

(Cabbage is no longer humble served this way.)

One cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, 2 egg-yolks, 1 small onion, 6 cups finely shredded cabbage, 1 tablespoon finely chopped celery leaves, 3 tablespoons finely chopped parsley.

Simmer the vinegar and sugar for 2 minutes. Add the salt and pepper, and cool. Beat slowly into the egg-yolks and add the onion, sliced to wafer thickness. Chill well for several hours and strain. In a salad bowl stir this dressing into the cabbage, celery leaves, and parsley. Toss well and serve as a dinner salad after a hot meat casserole.

LEMON MIST PIE

(There's a delectable airiness to a lemon pie that suits the weather. This one is cheap, too.)

One 8-in. baked pastry case, 1 packet lemon jelly, 1½ cups hot milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon butter or margarine.

Warm the milk and whip the beaten egg into it. Add the butter and cook over boiling water for a few minutes. Cool slightly and add the lemon jelly, stirring until the jelly crystals are well dissolved. Chill, and when beginning to set whisk to a creamy foam. Pour into baked pastry case. Serve icy cold, garnished with fresh mint sprigs.

CRISP RHUBARB ROLL

(Serve cold, with a spoonful of spiced custard or home-made ice-cream.)

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. dripping, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 cup cold water, 4 cups finely diced rhubarb, 4 tablespoons brown sugar.

Sift flour and baking powder. Rub in the fat, add the lemon juice and rind, and mix to a dry dough with cold water. Roll to a thin oval shape. Cover with the finely chopped rhubarb mixed with the sugar. Roll firmly and lift on to an oven tray. Glaze with milk or sugar and water. Bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 minutes, and then reduce the heat to moderate (350 deg. F.) and cook for a further 30 minutes. Cool on tray and serve cut in slices.

FRUITED ORANGE BAR CAKE

(Serve on the menu as a sweet, with a chilled fruit drink.)

Three ounces clarified dripping, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 3oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 1 or 2 eggs, 4oz. mixed fruit or raisins, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1 cup milk.

Cream the dripping, lemon juice, sugar, and orange rind. Beat in the egg. Add the fruit and, lastly, the sifted flour, alternately with the milk. Turn into a greased bar tin and cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 35 minutes.

BEEF AND KIDNEY OLIVES

(Serve with cheese scones wedges, freshly made. An economy favorite for all-the-year-round appetites.)

One pound round steak cut about 1-in. thick, 3 lamb kidneys, 2 tablespoons dripping, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups boiling water or vegetable stock, 2 medium-sized potatoes, 2 medium-sized carrots, 6 tiny white onions, 1 or 2 tomatoes, 1 teaspoon powdered sage, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Cut the steak in pieces about 2-in. by 4-in. Wash the kidneys, slice lengthwise into 9 pieces, removing thick white connective tissue. Place one piece of kidney on each piece of steak, roll up and tie with string. Roll the olives in the flour, and brown in the fat. Add boiling water, cover, and simmer gently for 45 minutes. Add the potatoes cut in 1-in. strips, and the sliced carrots. Cover and simmer 20 minutes longer. Add the salt, pepper, sage, and skinned and sliced tomato, and thicken further with another tablespoon of flour blended with cold water. Cook until thickened. Remove strings from beef rolls and serve topped heavily with chopped parsley.

It's time to make your Christmas cake

A RICH fruit cake improves in flavor and cuts more smoothly if made several weeks before serving.

The quantity below is sufficient for an 8-inch-diameter tin, and weighs about 4½lb. when cooked. If packed in a lidded tin it will keep satisfactorily for many months.

Half pound butter or margarine, ½lb. sugar, 4 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk (or sherry), 10oz. plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, ½lb. mixed fruit (raisins, sultanas, currants, cherries), 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon burnt sugar caramel, 1 tablespoon marmalade jam.

Prepare an 8-inch-diameter tin by lining neatly with four thicknesses of paper, the side paper pro-

jecting at least two inches above the side of the tin. Prepare a very slow oven (300 deg. F.). Cream the butter and sugar (brown preferably) until smooth and creamy. Beat in the whipped eggs, and orange rind. Fold in the sifted flour, soda, and spice. Add the milk and, lastly, the fruit and caramel. Cook in lower half of very slow oven.

(1) Cook the above quantity in an 8-inch tin at 300 deg. F. for 4 hours.

(2) Half this quantity in a 5-inch tin at 325 deg. F. for 2½ hours.

(3) Double this quantity in a 12-inch tin at 275 deg. F. for 5½ hours.

Half-way through the cooking cover with a double sheet of brown paper. This keeps the top of the cake moist.





ATTRACTIVE and good to eat; Medley salad of potato mayonnaise, surrounded by carrot and eschalot rings, lettuce slaw, and cress.



HOME-MADE MEAT ROLL is easy to make, and inexpensive . . . served here sliced thinly with salad of chilled new potatoes, and peas.



VICTORY GARDEN salad of halved lettuce hearts, potatoes, peas, eschalots, and radishes full of health-giving goodness.

IF YOU ARE A MARRIED WOMAN

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Headaches, lost energy, constipation, nerves, and general failing health can be quickly removed with regulated doses of R.U.R. because it contains a laxative, liver stimulant, kidney cleanser, blood purifier, and acid corrective. It cannot harm the heart or any other organ of the body.

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Take R.U.R. and Right You Are!



Warm weather recipes win prizes . . .

THE savory mutton sausage is cooked in a billy-can. It can be steamed in a basin or baked slowly in the oven. It is delicious for salads or sandwiches. So is the mock goose. Keep it in a cool place.

The mint and egg pie is an excellent week-end dish; mint gives a piquancy to any egg dish. Have you tried it in egg sandwiches?

What is your latest warm weather dish? Send it in. Cash prizes of £1 and 2/6 are awarded every week for readers' recipes.

SAVORY MUTTON SAUSAGE

One pound raw mutton, 1 sheep's kidney, 1 level tablespoon dried herbs, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 eggs, 1 cup dried breadcrumbs, 1/4 teaspoon pepper, pinch of cayenne pepper, stock or gravy to bind.

Mince meat, kidney, and onion; add well-beaten eggs, herbs, tomato sauce, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, and rest of ingredients, binding with stock or gravy. Mix well, press into a well-greased billy, put lid on tightly, place in a saucepan of boiling water and steam 4 hours. Turn out, cover with browned breadcrumbs. When cold, cut in slices and serve with salads.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Dickinson, 89 Christmas St., Northcote, Vic.

LEMON SHAPE

Pour one cup of cold water over 3 dessertspoons gelatine, then add 1

- These recipes for cool dishes, savory and sweet, will be tried out in every household. They are a fine lot!

cup boiling water and 1 1/2 cups sugar. When this is dissolved, add juice of one large lemon, and set aside to cool slightly, first adding whites of 4 eggs stiffly beaten. Make a custard with the yolks and 1 pint of milk. Put in some grated lemon rind and then beat custard into other cooled mixture. This quantity makes enough for six, so if a smaller amount is needed halve all the measures.

This sweet is delicious served with stewed fruit or ice-cream, as it has a decided lemon flavor.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Vernon, 411 Lydiard St., Ballarat, Vic.

PINEAPPLE BLANCMANGE

(From pineapple skin)

Cover skins with water and simmer in a saucepan with lid on for about 2 hours. Strain and return juice to saucepan, and add enough sugar to sweeten, and pinch of salt. Bring to boil, thicken with cornflour, and boil for 3 minutes.

Put in basin, and chill. Most delicious with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. O. Muller, Henty, N.S.W.

MINT AND EGG PIE

Lane a pie plate with shortcrust pastry, spread the pastry generously with cream cheese, and break four eggs on to the cheese. Sprinkle finely chopped mint over (quantity depending on taste), season with salt and pepper. Cover with a lid

of pastry and bake in a quick oven. Nice served cold with any salad, or hot with potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Meryl McMaster, 27 Minna St., Burwood, N.S.W.

MOCK GOOSE

Two or three calves' hearts, seasoning to taste, cayenne, mace, pepper, 1 rasher bacon or bacon bone, butter.

Cut hearts into small pieces, place in covered jar or pudding basin, cover firmly, and put jar into a saucepan of boiling water. Let water come well up. Boil gently 2 or 3 hours.

Then put through fine mincer twice, mix by degrees a little of the gravy and a small piece of butter. Put into pie dish or small pots. Press down firmly, and when cold cover with melted butter or wax.

If much gravy is used it will not keep long. If a larger proportion of butter is used it may be preserved for some time.

Delicious just sliced on toast or spread for sandwiches.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Edith Piggett, 17 Clifford St., Mosman, N.S.W.

LOQUAT JELLY

Take any quantity of loquats, wash well, then cut into pieces, removing seeds. Cover seeds with water and stir well to remove the thick juice which clings to them. Then pour

this liquid over the cut-up loquats, adding enough water to just cover them. Bring to boil, and boil steadily for two hours. Strain through jelly-bag into saucepan. Add 2lb sugar and juice of one lemon to every quart of juice. Stir until boiling, then boil until it jells when a drop is put on a saucer (about 1 1/2 to 2 hours if boiled steadily).

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Edwards, 32 Edmund St., Waverley, N.S.W.

ORANGE CRUMB PUDDING

(Delicious and economical)

Two cups milk, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, grated rind 1 orange, 3 tablespoons orange juice, 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine.

Pour milk over the fine breadcrumbs; add salt, sugar, and well-beaten egg, then grated orange rind, orange juice, and, lastly, melted butter. Pour into a buttered pie dish and bake in slow oven about 40 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. McLeod, 113 Frederick St., Rockdale, N.S.W.

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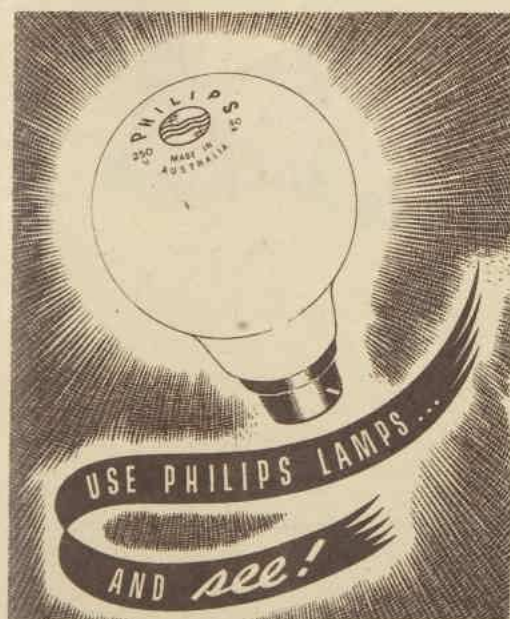


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★ REMEMBER: The boys in the forces must have plenty of milk. That's why you should make your Trufood go as far as you can during the war.

TF-65, 24



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Make idle fences pay

THAT idle fence that stares nakedly at you from three sides of your garden should be made to pay dividends—and this is how to do it:

Firstly, plant a passion vine on the sunny side. It will produce good fruit this time next year and for several years subsequently.

Secondly, sow climbing beans, such as Epicures, Kentucky Wonders, Fardelosa, or Glory of the Summer—and they are all stringless. In cool districts the Scarlet Runner does well and is a prolific cropper.

In warm areas the New Guinea Butterbean, which is not really a bean, but a member of the gourd family, will climb well over a tall fence or trellis—and it bears marrow-like vegetables up to 4ft. long and 4ins. in diameter. If harvested before the "beans" become too pithy they are delicious. Cook in their skins after cutting up in sections—like marrow.

Lima beans of the King of the Garden variety climb well. Now is the time to sow the seed—and on the sunny side of the fence.

Snake beans are a novelty with a flavor all their own. Seed is rather difficult to obtain. The beans are about 2ft. long and have a flavor somewhat like asparagus.

The Tongan, or poor man's bean, is a perennial, and needs strong support for its heavy limbs, dense foliage, and great masses of flat but tasty beans.

Even marrows, pumpkins, cucumbers, melons, and squashes will climb if you give them some wire-netting on those idle fences.—OUR HOME GARDENER.

A tasty, nutritious **BALANCED MEAL** cooked and served in just **ONE DISH!**

STARCH
1 lb. = 300 CALORIES
VITAMINS A & C

MINERALS & ROUGHAGE
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. = 80 CALORIES
VIT. C: TOPS, VIT. B

PROTEIN
1 lb. = 800 CALORIES
VITAMINS B₁, B₂, C & E

MINERALS & ACIDS
1 lb. = 100 CALORIES
VITAMINS A, B, B₁, B₂, & C

A TYPICAL BALANCED MEAL
Wash and dice 1 lb. of beef steak (any of the cheaper cuts will do) and place in a Pyrex casserole and place in a Pyrex casserole dish. Cover with water. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of potatoes, sliced. Scrape and dice $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of carrots, chop up the tops, and add to dish. Pepper and salt to taste. If desired a sliced onion may be added. Put in moderate oven for about one hour, and then add other $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of potatoes, diced. Leave in for another 20 to 30 minutes, then cover with layer of sliced tomatoes and return to oven without lid until tomatoes are cooked.

It sounds like magic—but any cook can do it if she owns a Pyrex casserole! In one of these sparkling oven dishes meat and green vegetables and potatoes—all the elements of a balanced meal—can be cooked together and carried straight to the table!

Long famous for its savouriness, Pyrex casserole cooking has come into its own in wartime—because casserole food is more nutritious, and casserole cooking allows you to get the greatest benefit from even the cheapest cuts of meat and retains all the essential vitamin content of the food. It saves fuel, it saves work, it saves money.

Make the most of the food you buy . . . do all your cooking in Pyrex.

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